JOHN BULL, week ending Oct. 31, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1898

3D EVERY THURSDAY

IT WON'T DO SIR WALTER! by the EDITOR

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FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DETTOL Trade Mark THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 31, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

FISHY

● **Criticism of the new fish control scheme needs to be viewed with suspicion.**

Some of it is so obviously unfair that it seems to be inspired by the vested interests' opposition to *any* form of control.

Thus much indignation is expressed because, on the first day of the scheme's operation, Birmingham received only 12 tons instead of the normal 70 or 80 tons.

Other towns were equally badly hit.

We are reminded that the wholesalers "feared the zoning scheme would result in a shortage." And the comment is added: "It's going to be rough on the factory workers who want a fish-and-chip dinner."

The wholesalers ignore the fact that the Government had warned the public of a temporary shortage—due not to the zoning scheme, but to a dearth of fish that is causing abnormally low catches.

The zoning scheme may prove open to criticism. If so, JOHN BULL will criticise. But it should be given a fair trial before criticism begins.

And the attitude of the "trade" in the past makes its present outcry appear a trifle cynical.

Straight from the Shoulder

MOVING FORWARD

WE have struck while the iron is hot.

Whatever the outcome of the struggle in the Middle East, it can be said that we have seized our chance.

And the enemy fears that this is not the only offensive planned by our leaders.

Alarm

The Axis countries are humming with rumours, speculations and alarms.

They are nervous lest we combine a direct attack on Italy with our long-planned, immensely powerful offensive in North Africa.

Moving Up!

Days ago, Vichy airmen reported that American and Fighting French forces were massing in Central Africa, ready to drive north to the sea and thus complete the death-trap of steel around Rommel.

Nearer our shores, the enemy stands on tiptoe.

He warns the Dutch against aiding "parachutists." Hurriedly he builds blockhouses along the French coast and begins to fortify even the inland towns of France.

His concern cannot be lessened by hints of forthcoming action in the Far East.

Supreme Focus

No doubt our intentions will be revealed to him when the time is opportune.

At the moment, and for weeks to come, the Middle East will be the supreme centre of our designs.

It is no secret that our preparations for the Eighth Army's attack were enormously massive and detailed.

No secret that, day after day, thousands of tons of supplies were unloaded at Suez, that fleets of new American and British bombers streamed across sea and desert to swell our already considerable forces.

Forward Surge

Because of the volume of these supplies, because the bulk of the German army is still floundering in the rain-lashed steppes of unconquerable Russia, it would have been foolish to postpone the forward surge of our forces.

Co-ordination

We shall be cautious in our hopes of the new campaign. For we have been disappointed before.

But this time, as General Montgomery has made clear, the Army and R.A.F. are striking as *one* force.

There is not merely co-operation. There is absolute co-ordination.

Other Opportunities

There is need for co-ordination elsewhere. There are other opportunities that it would be folly to miss.

Tremendous as is the struggle now raging in the desert, it must be viewed as one phase in the grand pattern of the war.

Master Plan

The pattern should be designed by the master strategists of all the United Nations. There should be a master plan in which every sector of the battle front is co-related, in which all our vast resources should be fully exploited and properly allocated.

Unless this is done, our Russian allies will remain impatient, our Chinese friends remain perplexed.

Should We Hang Hess!

The Russians and the Chinese should be sitting at our councils, forming joint plans with ourselves and the Americans.

Keep that in mind when considering the Russian outcry for the immediate trial of Deputy-Fuehrer Hess!

Not Asked

Britain and the United States, you will remember, announced a decision concerning the treatment of war criminals.

No doubt it would have received the support of Russia, for whose views we asked.

But London and Washington did not wait for Moscow's answer. And Moscow rightly resented our show of independence.

Unity

That—plus perplexity at our delay in opening a "Second Front"—explain why the name of Hess has been brought out from its ignominious obscurity.

The time to try Hess is not yet. It is time to end the doubts and perplexities.

We cannot afford suspicions between the Allies. We do not want mutual reproaches. And the only way to avoid them is to put our cards on the conference table, to secure unity between the United Nations, to unify the machinery of grand strategy.

Council of War

Month after month, JOHN BULL has stressed that need. We intend to go on stressing it, and we make no apology for doing so.

Not until the grand pattern of the war is agreed upon by all the allied Powers, can their full resources and military power be concentrated at the right places at the right time!

Progress in Peace

That is no less true of peace than of war. And the need for immediate action is hardly less imperative.

We shall not win the peace unless the United Nations make up their minds *now* about the kind of peace they want.

Abundance or Famine!

Yet another Minister has told us that, when war is done, we must move forward from the present state of "planned scarcity" to a world of "planned abundance, easily obtainable in conditions of peace."

Once again we are assured that the plans are being studied.

Too Late

By whom are they being studied? By *all* the United Nations—Russia and China included?

If not, what use will they be?

Agreement must be reached quickly. It will be too late if postponed till peace breaks upon a world wrecked and famished and weary.

Brave New World

There must be no time lag between the end of war and the beginning of peace's blessings—food for the hungry, shelter for the homeless, work for all.

There should be no delay while the victorious Powers, busy with the vast political questions that victory will bring, turn aside to plan economic and social changes.

The time to plan is now.

Willkie's Warning

As Mr. Wendell Willkie has said, "Remember that opponents of social changes always urge delay because of some present crisis. After the war, changes may be too little and too late."

Too little and too late! We have suffered from that palsy in war. Let us see to it that it does not prevent us from winning the peace.

London Not the World

No fair new world can be planned in London alone—or even in London and Washington.

Quite a lot of the world's peoples do not speak English, and they will want to have their own say on the sort of life they wish to live after the war.

Find effective answers to their questions and our cause will be immensely strengthened!

Let's Start

But Britain can at least take the initiative.

Not only by calling all the United Nations into conference on post-war problems.

But also by putting its own house in order.

Plenty To Do

We have no lack of domestic subjects that need careful planning. There are many blueprints for reform that our fighters have a right to inspect without further delay.

Unemployment. Slums. Poor education. Unequal opportunities. Social insecurity. The disparity of great riches and crushing penury.

No assurance that such evils are to be abolished will satisfy the people. Promises might be broken by later Governments—so the plans must be agreed upon now.

The Empire

And what of the Indian deadlock? The reactionary speech of the Duke of Devonshire must not be the last word.

What of the Colonies? Their peoples must be educated to self-government and their countries developed; they must not be deprived of the liberty which we promise to the world.

Audacity

Let us delay no longer. No delay in launching the attack on the foulest horror the world has ever known. No delay in preparing for a peace of prosperity and justice.

WE MUST BE AUDACIOUS IN PLANNING, AUDACIOUS IN ACTION.

(Continued overleaf)

GERMAN AIR-RAIDS TO COME "MAY WELL BE HEAVY AND MENACING."

THE PRIME MINISTER.

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.—an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WE are always being assured that growing food is real front-line work.

Very well. Hundreds of thousands of battle-dress uniforms that have lost their military smartness are accumulating in stores.

They will never be issued to soldiers again.

Issue them—free—to our soldiers of the Food Front.

Contrasts

Go, when the east wind is blowing, and see British farm labourers and Italian prisoners of war working side by side.

The Italians have chocolate-brown uniforms and greatcoats made of thick material with a very high wool content.

They do not shiver, although they come from warmer climes.

Our lads do.

They Can't Afford It

A limited number of battledress uniforms, dyed green, are available to them at a guinea a time.

They are far warmer than civilian clothes. They have the strength to defy the wear and tear of farm life.

But our farm workers don't buy them.

The snag is that guinea.

Mystery Man

And now for a story which we commend to the higher officers of all three fighting Services.

While dozens of our bomber pilots were being "briefed" the other day, a carpenter entered the room.

He carried a bag of tools and a handful of nails.

As the highly secret instructions were being given, he walked over to test a window.

Caught Out

A spy? It entered more than one head that he might be.

A flight sergeant was the first to tackle him. His business? Oh, repairing the window. Identity card? He'd left it down at the gate.

Under a bombardment of questions he confessed that the game was up.

He was the Air Vice-Marshal—just down from London!

New Methods

Now the occupants of some camps and barracks—naval, army and air force—have to be charwomen for a fortnight if some big-wig is coming.

Said big-wigs rave to high heaven if a dust-bin lid isn't polished, a tent-pole is an inch out of line.

That's why we tell you that story.

You need new methods all round *to win modern wars.*

Hobo

Certainly our vigilance methods are very out of date.

A reader with a permit to enter closed areas is barred from one very special military zone.

So he was surprised, the other day, when he saw a tramp ambling away from this well-guarded area.

Temporary Permit

In friendly conversation the man admitted he had gone all over the district.

Only one sentry challenged him—took him before an n.c.o.

He produced a *temporary* permit to do a few days' road work in the district well back in 1941.

Whereupon, without another question, they let him go.

Making Work

And many of our industrial methods still cry out for modernisation.

Steel plates used in a huge gun factory arrive thick with oil, as in the days when they had to lie about for months.

As they have to be white-washed for the drillers—and white-wash won't take on grease—cleaning them represents a big wastage of man-power.

Salvage! What's That!

A Southend reader who hates to see waste, called on the local authority, offered himself as a salvage steward.

He says they told him they had never heard of such a scheme.

Later, he adds, they informed him that they would go in for the scheme and would be pleased to accept his services.

"That was six months ago," he comments, "and I am still waiting."

Blusterers

But at least they were polite—which, according to readers, isn't true of all officials.

A Ministry to which a woman applied for a war-job sent her to the wrong department by mistake.

The official she saw there blamed *her* for the mistake, in the roundest and rudest of terms.

A few sackings should teach the little Hitlers a lesson.

That Holiday Look

Then a woman war-worker tells us how she left her factory, collected her baby, and tried to get home by 'bus.

"No room for children," she was told.

She had done a day's work—and had another in front of her, looking after her family.

Blighted Careers

Not every woman with a baby is out shopping. Nor was every purchaser of a cheap day return ticket (now stopped) a holiday-maker.

Those cheap facilities enabled the young men of Leek to go to Stoke-on-Trent every night, study draughtsmanship, electricity and tool making for 3s. 9d. a week.

Fares now cost 8s. a week, which apprentices can't afford. So some of them have given up their studies.

Unfair

Because of these steep increases technical schools all over the country are losing pupils who used to come from outlying parts.

We grant deferment of military service to thousands of college students to enable them to complete their studies.

We should continue cheap travel rates to night-school students so that they can have the same advantage.

Those Millionaires

Thanking us for dispelling the illusion that every munition-maker is a millionaire, many readers have sent us their pay envelopes—without contents!

A youth who earned £1 13s. a week while learning receives £1 12s. 2d. now he's a fitter in an aircraft factory.

And as to overtime munificence, a 55-hour week yields a total wage of £1 14s. 11d., 63-hour, £2 2s. 2d.

Lowest Yet

When we told of a railway level-crossing keeper whose wages were £1 5s. 9d. a week, we imagined it was a low record.

Now we hear of a woman whose pay for the same work, seven days a week, was 10s. a week, less insurance, plus occupation of a cottage valued at 5s. a week.

Do people who urge the stabilisation of wages at present levels realise it would perpetuate such evils as these?

Bad Logic

Sometimes, when we refer to these scandalously low wages, Servicemen write to us and ask: "What's wrong with that? See what we get?"

We do see what they get—and don't congratulate the miserly Treasury on it.

But they must think of the world they have got to come back to, which is their real world, after all.

He who fights for decent wage standards is fighting for them.

Petrol Tricksters

Meanwhile, there's news of a new petrol wangle.

In some parts of the country private cars are being licensed as taxicabs.

The owners qualify for petrol allowances ranging, it is said, up to 90 gallons a month.

Suspicious Increase

Members of the local Watch Committee suspect that this is happening in Blackpool, where there are 50 per cent. more taxicabs licensed than six months ago.

In London and many other cities, where public conveyances must be of special design, the trick could not be worked.

But there are places where most private cars conform to the local licensing requirements.

Perpetual Fires!

And the Fuel Ministry might turn an eye on some of the fire stations of the country.

We hear of officers dashing about in all directions in 25-horse-power cars.

Surely they're not always going to fires!

Mean Cut

Petrol supplies to the Voluntary Transport Service, however, have been cut to pretty well nothing.

This is an organisation which meets late trains reaching big cities and drives soldiers on leave to their outlying homes.

Thousands of men find themselves stranded all night within a few miles of their homes through this parsimony.

It Ruins Leaves

In a city the size of Birmingham as many as 560 men have been driven home in one night.

They have been men laden down with full kits, who would have had to walk the streets till 6 a.m.

Some had been travelling 24 hours, and, even when helped with a lift, would get only a few precious hours at home.

Problem

What duty should a farm labourer put first, growing food or attending Home Guard parades?

Since a farm worker, who has been freed pending appeal, was sentenced to prison for making the wrong choice, many commanding officers have become more insistent that "farm duties are no excuse."

Farmers, seeing a year's work endangered, have no doubt about the answer.

After the Raid

During a recent raid in East Anglia, Mrs. R. A. Terrell was killed when fire-watching at her place of business.

As Mrs. Terrell was a registered reader of JOHN BULL a cheque for the benefit provided under our Free Insurance Scheme has been sent to her next-of-kin.

JOHN BULL offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire-Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Bombardment, Gas Attacks and Invasion.

Registration Forms can be obtained on application to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● **R.A.F. bombing of Creusot factories has cost Goering, Laval and their friends several million pounds invested in the enterprise. They also controlled Renault, already destroyed by R.A.F.**

● *Hitler has taken absolute control of all Italian ports and dockyards, told Mussolini that Italian methods were slow, encouraged sabotage and lowered morale. In Trieste and Fiume the swastika flies on port H.Q.*

● Nazi concentration camps formerly filled with Jews are mysteriously emptying. Official answer to any inquiry is a death certificate.

● **Official representatives in Germany of two neutral countries say their countries won't be involved in this war, that they have been chosen by Nazi leaders for sanctuary.**

● *Frau Hess is in Switzerland, Frau Goebbels outside Germany at some unknown destination, Frau Goering parading her jewels in Austria all ready for a quick getaway.*

● German generals killed on Eastern Front now exceed one hundred. Half a dozen were killed or taken prisoner in Libya, and we hold fifty Italian generals as prisoners.

● **The industrial Linz and Graz provinces of Austria, where Goering moved his chief war factories to escape R.A.F., have been virtually cut off from Europe. Arson, sabotage and sometimes mutiny are rife there.**

● *Reichswehr doctors forbidden to issue further certificates recommending transfers from Russia on medical grounds. More than a million applications were made in six weeks.*

● Germany has banned all meat "offal" throughout occupied Europe to supply wounded with hormones extracted from it.

● **Pellepoix, No. 1 French Jew baiter, is Hitler's new favourite in France, is so successful in getting French labour, food and raw materials that he may replace Laval.**

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

IT WON'T DO, SIR WALTER!

SIR WALTER WOMERSLEY, the Minister of Pensions, will not easily escape from the tight corner in which he found himself last week.

He may well imagine that the momentous speech of General Smuts, coming a day after the Pensions Debate in the Commons, has distracted attention from his awkward position.

If so, he will be disappointed.

The country demands a better deal for disabled Servicemen and the dependants of the killed.

The fight to obtain it will go on. It will become ever sharper.

We can promise Sir Walter that.

After the last war, JOHN BULL became famous as the Serviceman's champion largely because of its campaign to secure decent pensions for maimed fighting men and their families.

Grudgingly and belatedly, the reforms were granted.

In this war we have again had to take up the cudgels against an officialdom that seems determined to conduct the war pensions system "on the cheap." And this time we are not alone. M.P.s of all Parties have expressed their indignation and shame at official parsimony and procrastination.

Member after Member rose in the House last week to the attack. Only one appeared for the defence—Sir Walter himself.

Rarely can any Minister have heard such scathing protests against the system which, perhaps unwillingly, he has to administer.

Case after case of injustice was brought to his attention—cases painfully similar to those which have been published in these columns.

He was reminded that no more than 46s. 8d. is granted to a totally disabled man and his wife.

He was told of other completely incapacitated men who get—nothing.

They were passed A1 on enlistment. But, on discharge, pension has been denied them on the ground that their disability had nothing to do with war service.

"I have had cases brought to my notice recently," said one M.P., "of men who have been discharged and are now completely blind.

"In one case the man is completely deaf—yet no acceptance of liability has been agreed to by the Ministry of Pensions."

Another M.P. told of a young lawyer who joined the Forces. He was a man of splendid physique.

After a year's service he developed a very serious complaint, something like cancer of the ear. He was discharged from the Army; his father has spent £300 on operations to try to save the young man's life.

But not a penny contribution can be obtained from the Ministry of Pensions; the regulations it has to administer would not allow it.

AGAIN, a sailor was twice torpedoed, and later contracted a mysterious disease. A doctor declared that his two immersions in the sea would have contributed to the disease, which in turn would contribute to his death.

"No pension for him," says the Ministry.

Not even Sir Walter should wonder, therefore, at the bitterness which his Department's decisions have aroused throughout the country.

As an Independent M.P. has told him, there is hardly a village without a case where a pension had been granted only after wrangling, or had been refused altogether.

"Speakers for the Ministry of Information go round the country saying what a grand world we are going to build after the war, but in every place there is some dirty, mean little instance where somebody has made the ultimate sacrifice and his dependants are left in absolute destitution or are subjected to a means test."

That means test, indeed, is the crowning disgrace of the present system of war pensions.

It produces fantastic anomalies, it is an ally of injustice, it results in desperate hardships.

Its saddest victims are many poor women whose sons, before joining the Forces, contributed to their support. If the sons are killed, the mothers will probably receive pensions of 5s. to 12s. 6d. a week—plus a little more if they can plead hardship, regularly fill up forms, and if the Minister thinks fit!

Last week a disturbing case came to light. In fairness to Sir Walter, it must be said that he investigated that case the very same day.

It concerned a soldier's widow who had a five-year-old son. Her husband had been killed two days after he landed in Egypt—killed by a car in the black-out.

The War Office declared that she was not entitled to a war widow's pension because he had been killed while off-duty.

So, too ill to work, she had been struggling to make ends meet on a public assistance allowance of 19s. a week.

Sir Walter quickly granted her a pension. But how many similar cases have not come to his personal attention?

An M.P. has said that he knows of many such cases. JOHN BULL can testify that a good many, also, have been brought to its notice.

But Sir Walter offers a curious excuse for pension scandals.

In so big a Department, he pleads, "there are bound to be some cases which have probably not been dealt with quite as sympathetically as I myself or the Parliamentary Secretary would have dealt with them."

However, he does not blame only his subordinates. He blames the Royal Warrant which lays down the conditions in which pension can be granted.

Rightly so. The Royal Warrant is a discredited and discreditable document.

Why, therefore, does not Sir Walter introduce legislation to amend it?

He has often, in the name of suffering humanity, been urged to do so. He could count on the sympathetic support of all Parties in the Commons. His failure to act is therefore all the more mysterious.

And his claim that, wherever possible, his Ministry tries to stretch a point in favour of applicants to pension not only appears to contradict his admission concerning his subordinates, but certainly is not borne out by the experience of JOHN BULL's pension expert.

He reports, all too frequently, cases of official quibbling.

Particularly, he says, is there quibbling in the matter of pension claims by bereaved parents who must face a means test to determine whether they are technically "in need."

What a miserable tribute to the men who are fighting for Britain's liberty! What a miserable example to hold up to our friends abroad!

A distinguished visitor from abroad—Mrs. Roosevelt—is anxious to study our system of Service allowances.

Most of us will wish that we could show her something better than the present system.

But, make no mistake about it, that system will be reformed. The struggle may be keen, it may even be long.

But it will result in victory for fair play and social justice. Sir Walter Womersley has been warned.

Education is Real World Problem

ARGUE IT OUT

By Pallas

WITHOUT true education all this talk of the paradise to come, the brave, new world, the dawning era of democratic justice and liberty is, and will be, fundamentally vain.

Some social reforms may be achieved; some new measure of industrial security may be attained; and the world may be partly remodelled on new economic principles.

★ ★ ★

But those things, valuable and comforting though they be, are only the trimming of the new world which we all long to see but for which few of us plan or labour.

Education is, must be, the starting point. The schools, not only in this country but in every country in the world, must bring to youth new conceptions of the duties and obligations the years will bring them.

They must be taught primarily that there is no room for selfish isolation; that the days of intense nationalism are over.

And that the world is not so much a group of nations but more of a band of brothers, each dependent on the other for peace, prosperity and happiness.

I was talking the other day to an educationalist—a man who has devoted much time and thought to this vexed question of post-war education.

"All the history books of all the nations should be scrapped," he said. "As history is taught in the schools to-day it is merely a matter of national wars and national troubles.

"True history is international. To teach it from a national viewpoint is to make children biased and, maybe, jingoistic.

"Mankind's history, not the history of battles, is the only true history."

He may be right. But who is going to teach the true history?

★ ★ ★

How many elementary schoolteachers are qualified to impart to their pupils history on the grand scale?

Many of them are ignorant of their own country, let alone the world. Many—probably most—have never set foot on foreign soil.

Some have never travelled more than a few miles from the town where they were born, where they now teach, and where they will die.

How many of the thousands of teachers in this country to-day have progressed with the times? How many have had refresher courses?

★ ★ ★

How many still employ the out-of-date methods they learned twenty, thirty, forty years ago? Perhaps the National Union of Teachers can tell you. I can't.

But I can tell you this—that unless educational authorities the world over agree on a common basic system of guiding children to grow into good citizens, the brave new world will be another "world fit for heroes."

Let all responsible, from ministers of education down to village teachers, heed the prayer of President Roosevelt:

"That our young people will learn in the schools and the colleges the wisdom and forbearance and patience needed by men and women of good will who seek to bring to this earth a lasting peace."

Open Letters

The CORPORATION,
Bath

GENTLEMEN,—Mothers everywhere will support the women of your city who are in revolt. So shall I.

Unless surface shelters are built for local schools, you have been told, mothers will keep their children away from school.

Who can blame them? Who dare deny that the protection of children against bombs should be the first charge upon the country?

I challenge you to answer.

It is no answer to say that the children are in school for only five and a half hours. As one mother at a mass meeting has pointed out, a tip-and-run raid does not last five and a half hours.

Yet only three of your schools have surface shelters, and 7,000 youngsters have to rely on strengthened walls—which may not protect them from blast or flying glass!

Many, many towns are no better off. But this is surely no excuse for your own inaction.

You and every other council should press the Government to authorise the immediate provision of school shelters!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. M. S. McCORQUODALE, M.P.,
Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—You will not get women to volunteer for war work if they fear their husbands may be victimised.

No doubt you'll agree. Then listen to this:

A police officer at an ordnance factory resigned, became an ordnance inspector, fell ill because of the working conditions, and for more than a year has been unemployed.

As soon as his unemployment benefit lapsed he was made a victim of the Means Test. Not a penny is allowed him by the State because his wife earns £3 a week on war work!

He tells me of similar cases in his district—a South Wales town.

You will surely realise that the morale of women who toil at the factory bench will hardly be sustained by such niggardliness.

And I hope you will also realise that men in the early fifties should not be condemned to long unemployment in these days of "all-out effort."—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER LYTTELTON, M.P.,
Minister of Production

DEAR SIR,—You won't be able to increase war production unless the workers are decently housed—a point which does not appear to have occurred to you.

Your vast new scheme of concentration aims at moving millions of people from "uneconomic" industries to more efficient factories near their homes. But thousands will have to move to distant parts of the country—and there are no houses ready for them.

There is already a dangerous and disgraceful shortage.

One Home Counties town needs 9,500 more houses. Its war workers are so grossly overcrowded that fifteen people have to be crammed into a six-roomed villa, while a man, his wife and eleven-year-old boy live and sleep in a single room.

Manchester needs accommodation for 12,000 families. "Bad housing is feeding the tuberculosis germs," says the city's Lord Mayor.

There is, as I have previously pointed out, an appalling lack of houses for farm workers. In short, every kind of war helper suffers from the dearth of decent and healthy accommodation: a dearth that should have been foreseen and prevented.

But it is not too late to remedy it.

The programme of factory building is nearly completed. Building workers are becoming available for other tasks.

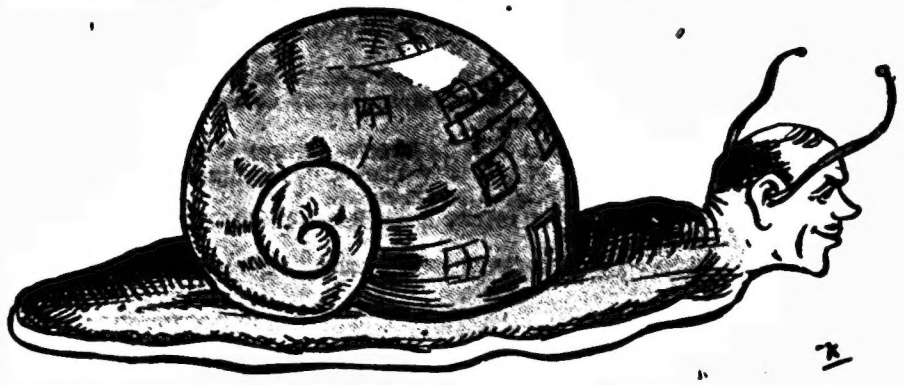
They should now be detailed to complete the thousands of half-finished houses in Glasgow—where 35,000 families exist in one-room homes.

They should be employed on building houses for the workers in the new industrial towns.

They should be engaged on providing accommodation for land and mine workers.

More women are to be drafted to the farms. They will need decent billets. Miners say that coal output would be increased enormously if more houses were available—one mining village alone needs 150.

So, before carrying out your plans for a great industrial expansion, tell your fellow-Ministers to find homes for the workers!—JOHN BULL.



Rt. Hon. H. H. BALFOUR, M.P.,
Under-Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—I advise you to talk to a few intelligent "ordinary people." They would give you a healthy shock.

No doubt they would agree with you that the individual business man must not be squeezed out. Undoubtedly they would resent being "pushed from official to official."

They might share your wish that after the war there will be opportunity, security, gaiety and travel for all.

But I think they would realise—as you do not—that there can be no opportunity, no security and not even gaiety unless the world is better planned than it was before the war.

Certainly the plans must be carried out by a Civil Service far more businesslike and less stiff-necked than the present system.

Without official supervision, however, the plans would be worthless.

Make no mistake about it, a "hands off business" policy would merely kill business if imposed immediately the war ended.

Not by unorganised and uncontrolled competition could the wrecked countries of Europe be nursed to a new prosperity, the devastated cities of Britain rebuilt, and the whole world raised to a higher standard of life.

Instead, there would be exploitation of the many by the few, mass unemployment, and eventually anarchy.

So planning there must be. You may think that "ordinary people will revolt against any such bureaucratic imposition." I can assure you that they would revolt against snatch-and-grab anarchy.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir ANDREW RAE DUNCAN, M.P.,
Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—Are your pen-pushers intent on impeding war production? I ask because they have apparently hit on an idea so crazy that Alice might have brought it back from Wonderland.

See how it would work out in practice:

An arms factory might find that it needed a small strip of brass, without which all work on an important new "rush order" must stop.

Not having the brass in stock, the manager would telephone to a wholesaler. And the wholesaler would have to say that he dare not oblige.

Instead, the factory would have to seek a licence to buy that strip of metal—a licence obtainable only from one of your controls and which might take days to get.

Then the factory would have to apply direct to the manufacturer. Most likely it wouldn't know which manufacturer to try. It might have to chase round from Rugby to Sheffield, Coventry to Birmingham, Glasgow to Swansea.

During all this time the factory would be at a standstill, the machines stopped, the workers idle—and that important "rush order" might miss a convoy.

I can find no justification for so preposterous a waste of time, money—and the munitions we so urgently need.

If you want to slow down war production by all means go ahead with the licence scheme.

If, as I believe, you are anxious for quick results, you can easily satisfy yourself that the present system of buying is operating economically and easily.—JOHN BULL.

We'd Like to Know . . .

- **Will Civil Service personnel top the million mark any day now, the highest figure ever reached?**
- **What's the answer to Civil Servants who say 300,000 at least could be spared to uniformed Services and war factories?**
- ***Isn't Mr. Ernest Bevin already carrying out such a clear-out in the Ministry of Labour?***
- ***Are the first victims of his axemen those who are afraid to make decisions?***
- **And is Mr. Bevin still keeping his two eyes on E.N.S.A. deferments?**
- **How so many oranges for under-eighteens found their way to hotel cocktail bars, seeing that under-eighteens mustn't even drink in such places?**
- **If the reason for so much bad fish isn't that trawlers are starved of ice?**
- ***Are applicants for air-crew training pleased at the new Silly Question: "Can you ride a horse?"***
- **And whether R.A.F. ground-staff officers don't hate serving *over* those members of crews who, grounded through health breakdown, have to drop in rank?**
- **Is it coincidence that when surface workers were weeded out at a Derbyshire colliery the good footballers were found to be "irreplaceable"?**
- ***Should factory police enjoy police exemption from fire-watching denied to men around them working far longer hours?***
- **Why Lancashire old-age pensioners should be threatened with prosecution for sifting a few knobs of fuel from colliery waste?**
- ***Are we actually sacking shipwrights at some yards—and why?***
- **And what's wrong with their appeal to be allowed to do Civil Defence work locally until they are wanted again?**
- **Doesn't Nurse Esther Barrett, a nursing heroine back from Malta, hate the enforced rest resulting from her difficulty in finding another nursing job?**
- ***How much milk is going into unwashed bottles now that housewives are obliging with a quick rinse?***
- **Are Glamorgan mothers being over-squeamish in protesting against their children's school meals being brought from a British Restaurant in the fever van?**
- **Has Runcorn's Fuel Overseer noticed that his "Save Coal" advertisements appear in the same issues as stories of blazing fires at the Town Hall?**
- ***And how many people of limited means have been fined for lighting offences while waiting for that long-promised cheap Utility black-out material?***

★ "HOW DO THEY DO IT?" EVERYONE HAS BEEN ASKING SINCE THE FLYING FORTRESSES, RAIDING LILLE, SHOT DOWN FORTY-EIGHT NAZI FIGHTERS. A "JOHN BULL" MAN HAS OBTAINED THE ANSWER FROM THE AMERICANS WHO HAVE GIVEN GOERING HIS WORST SHOCK SINCE THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN.

'Forts' Boys Tell How They Do It

Here is a queue of these formidable battleships of the skies. Its growing longer every day, and will stretch further out, further into Germany

I HAVE questioned not only those whose "flying battleships" had the heaviest fighting in the raid, but the intelligence officer who examined them.

First I talked to Major J. W. Wilson, from West Point—young, swarthy, quick of eye and brain.

He led five ships of his squadron over the target.

For forty minutes those five "Forts" kept up a running fight with thirty attackers.

They destroyed six without loss to themselves.

I looked at the major's 'plane. Miss Swoose, he calls her—because of the painted half-swan, half-goose mascot.

Terrific Punishment

Miss Swoose took more punishment than even a heavyweight could be expected to bear.

One engine burnt out. Tail vertical fin shot away. Shell and bullet holes up and down the fuselage.

Here, in the major's own words, is how it happened:

"Just after leaving the target a gunner yelled: 'Here they come, skipper. Give 'em hell!' and our boys let fly.

"One FW190 streaked just over our formation and flashed by before we could get him, but he got in a lucky one on our No. 4 outboard engine, which started to stream with smoke and flames.

"That slowed us down, and the 'Jerries' seemed to leave the other squadrons alone and swarm after our lame swan-goose.

"There was an ear-splitting din on my earphones as our boys kept shouting: 'Here's one at 4 o'c! Here's another at 5 o'c!!' (that's how we indicate the direction of the attack, you know).

"Then, as they came right in—some within 40 yards—the boys made such remarks as: 'I could play Rummy with that one, he came so near,' and 'Where's that fellow who told us they'd sit out at 1,000 yards?'

"I smiled at the thought of the notice painted on one of our ships: 'If you can read this you're too damn close.'

"Most of them were 'Jerry's' crack yellow-nosed fighters, like some you had in the Battle of Britain, so we knew we were up against his best.

"They dived out of the sun; they spotted at once that a beam waist-gunner's gun had ceased firing and they were on him.

Dead Man's Plane

"I saw fifteen of them lined up overhead at one time. Another pilot said he counted thirty.

"We pumped plenty into them, and saw several go down in flames and others disappear in smoke.

"The weirdest sight was a dead man's 'plane that sailed down just across our noses.

"It must have been flying itself because we saw right through the cabin-glass and there was no sign of pilot. He'd evidently been hit and slumped down.

"Yes, perhaps he'd come up against one of the Spitfires who did a grand job out of our sight.

"Anyhow, we gave him some more and he went down.

"But we weren't having it all our own way. Vibrations from the increased revolutions of our three good engines were shaking us up alarmingly.

"Besides that, a hundred-miles-an-hour head-wind slowed us up so much that I kept looking down and, recognising a landmark, saying to myself: 'Gee, aren't we any farther than that?'

"We were losing height, and when we reached the French coast a few Me. 109's joined in.

"We saw our first Spit. when well over the Channel. The Spits. and our own fighters had helped us by making diversionary attacks, but during that forty minutes we didn't see them.

"What a thrill when the boys shouted: 'The white cliffs of Dover!'

"All five of us got back. Miss Swoose made a lucky landing.

"One of her undercarriage tyres was punctured flat by bullets, and we didn't know it. The damaged engine was charred out, and the propeller dropped off.

"We'd fought the fire with an extinguisher, but it burned all the way home."

At this point I followed up the squadron commander's story with the Group Intelligence Officer.

"These five 'planes are credited with destroying six of the enemy," I said. "How many did you credit to the squadron commander's ship?"

"None," he answered. "Three probables only."

The Probables

Seeing my surprise, he quoted from the report that summed up the result of his questioning on their return:

"Top turret gunner sighted FW190 after leaving target at 9.39 at about 20,000 ft. Enemy made frontal attack. Gunner opened fire at about 800 yd. Fire continued until enemy passed overhead in smoke and went into a steep dive in flames.—*Probable.*

"F.W.190 hit through nose and cockpit. Pilot slumped over and believed killed. 'Plane seemed to disintegrate and burst into flames.—*Probable.*

And so on.

If these were only probables, I demanded, what was a certainty?

They would have been certainties, he explained, had the crew been able to answer satisfactorily his question: "Were these 'planes falling out of control and could the flames be put out—Yes or No?"

Of course, it's almost impossible to follow a damaged 'plane to the ground from a great height—unless other 'planes are following up behind and can keep observation on the stricken enemy.

So, in verification, bomber formations have the advantage over fighters operating on their own: there are several of them to see what happens, and the evidence can be cross-checked.

Here, by way of example, is a puzzling case that the intelligence officer sifted in the interrogation room:

"The crew of 'plane No. 8440 gathered round me. All had come straight from their machine, and were having coffee as we talked.

"I questioned each in turn.

"'The enemy started smoking,' said the waist-gunner, 'and dived below the wing of our ship.'

"'No, he didn't, he went above,' chipped-in the top turret gunner.

"Two men then said: 'The 'plane we were shooting at went below.'

Further questioning over difference of direction and angle of attack enabled the intelligence officer to establish that *two* 'planes and not *one* were concerned.

Spitfire Saviour

They attacked within seconds of each other. Both passed out of sight, one trailing much smoke, going into almost vertical dives. Both were recorded as probables.

Then the intelligence officer asked me to put something on record for him.

"There's a Spitfire pilot (here's his name and squadron) we specially want to thank.

"He appeared just in front of one Fort, which was shot up, had motor trouble, radio out of action, one of its life-rafts damaged, was down to 1,500 ft. over the Channel, and was about to force-land on the water.

"Waggling his wings, he invited our pilot to follow him.

"With motors clanking and slowly losing height, our man managed to do so, passing dangerously low over the English coast.

"Then the Spit. waggled his wings again and lowered his undercarriage as a hint to our pilot to do the same.

"Just then an aerodrome came in sight and the Fort made a safe landing—not a moment too soon!

"So that Spit. pilot can be credited with saving a bomber costing £75,000 to £80,000, and possibly with the lives of its crew as well—for when a heavy, fast-landing machine hits the water it may sink in seconds before the crew gets clear."

He had a further request.

"Our boys admire tremendously the exploits of these Spit. pilots; tell us where to get all the stories about them." I passed on his request to the Air Ministry.

Finally, let me sum up my on-the-spot investigation:

In fire-power, plus tight formation, these battleship bombers can dispense with close fighter cover and yet outshoot the best Nazi fighters.

They could themselves escort bombers dropping much heavier bomb-loads.

Their half-inch calibre machine-gun, easy to handle, and able to do damage at 600 yards, is as powerful a weapon in a bomber as a ¾-in. cannon is in a fighter.

Two dozen Fortresses or Liberators have 312 of these guns between them. With only a quarter of that number firing in any one direction, the enemy faces 58,500 bullets a minute!

Mighty New Punch

While giving this fairly stout-armour-piercing fire, they can take terrific punishment in daylight and still come home.

The daylight flying battleship, as a complement to the R.A.F.'s great night bomber offensive with its enormous bomb-loads, opens up "new vistas in daylight bombing"—as Mr. Churchill has said.

It will thus add a fresh page to air history and put a mighty new nail in the coffin of Nazidom!

U-Boat History Will Repeat Itself

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, in October, 1918, the aged leader of the Prussian Conservatives, Baron von Heydebrand, nicknamed "The Uncrowned King of Prussia," broke down sobbing in the lobbies of the Reichstag and muttered the historic words:

"We have been deceived and belied!"

* * *

He had just learned that Hindenburg and Ludendorff regarded the war as lost, and wanted a new government immediately, to ask for an armistice.

Like all his fellow Junkers, and the vast majority of the German people, old Heydebrand had really believed that Prussian generals and admirals were incapable of telling lies.

He had particularly trusted the solemn promise by the German Admiralty that Britain would be forced to her knees through unrestricted U-boat warfare.

He had believed the fanciful figures of Allied tonnage sunk.

History is repeating itself in many respects, and especially with regard to the U-boats.

One of the most closely guarded secrets of this war is now out, just at the right time: the figure of 530 Axis submarines destroyed or damaged by the British and American Navies since the war began.

It will have dumbfounding effects on the German morale, in spite of all denials.

It will sow doubts and fears, especially among the young U-boat crews.

These men know at least a part of the truth which the Nazi leaders try to drown in fanfares and martial music.

They know that for one loss which is admitted, because the Commander happens to be a Knight of the Iron Cross, at least ten other cases of crews who failed to return are never mentioned.

They know that the big Atlantic convoys with American troops for Britain or Africa go through, because, even with the short-lived tactics of U-boat packs, they can no longer be attacked.

They know that for one big convoy with material for Russia which may suffer losses—mainly from the air rather than U-boats—five convoys or more reach port unchallenged while the Arctic nights grow longer.

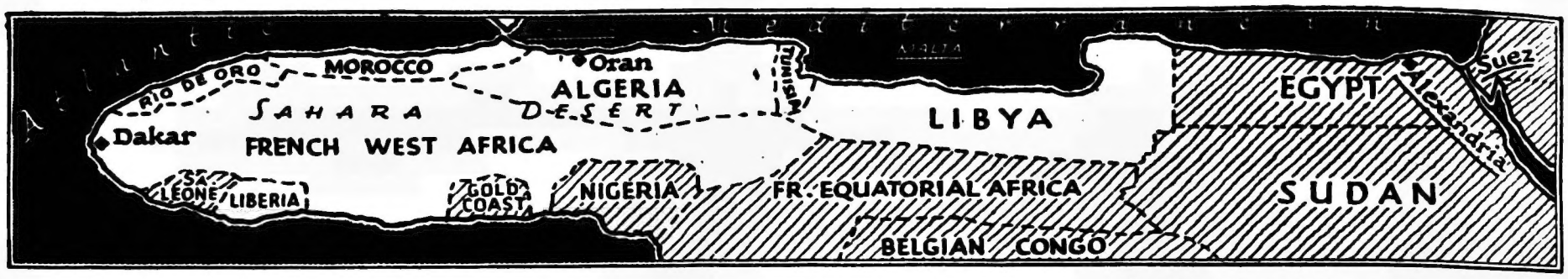
* * *

They know that the main successes scored during the summer and autumn by U-boats were achieved against single ships in far away waters in the Caribbean Sea.

One day the people in Germany will say, like old Heydebrand twenty-four years ago: "We have been deceived and belied!"

But this time they have been warned!

AFRICA HOLDS THE



A decisive defeat of Rommel, with all it involves, would make the end of the war certain. More than that, it would bring it very near

Says A. G. GARDINER

THE heroic defence of Stalingrad has shattered Hitler's plan of campaign of 1942, as the equally heroic defence of Moscow shattered that of 1941, and the Battle of Britain broke that of 1940.

Once more his vast war machine is left sprawling on the frozen plains of Russia from the White Sea to the Black Sea. He has gained ground at enormous cost, but he has gained no decision. And with the approach of winter the centre of the storm shifts to warmer latitudes.

The Battle of Russia yields place to the Battle of the Mediterranean. Mighty happenings there will be elsewhere, in the Pacific, in the Atlantic, on the Western seaboard of Europe, here at home perhaps.

But it is the fate of the Mediterranean that is the immediate crux of the war. In that fate is involved Africa, the Middle East, India, China, Australia.

General Smuts, whose presence with us at this time has been so great an inspiration, has from the beginning insisted that the Middle East is the central vortex of the war. And the key to the Middle East is the Mediterranean.

* * *

WHO COMMANDS THE MEDITERRANEAN, IT HAS BEEN SAID, COMMANDS THE WORLD. IT WAS SO IN THE GREAT DAYS OF CRETE AND ATHENS, CARTHAGE AND ROME AND VENICE. IT WAS SO IN THE NAPOLEONIC WARS. IT WAS NEVER MORE TRUE THAN TO-DAY.

Among the capital strategic blunders of Hitler was his failure to realise this. What would he give to-day to recall June, 1941? How he must kick himself that he did not keep the peace with Russia and launch all his might against us in the Mediterranean and Africa?

In war, as in chess, it is not enough to make the right move at any old time. The right move has to be made in the right sequence.

Thank God, Hitler is a blunderer—as General Smuts so clearly showed. He missed the 'bus to Africa and the Middle East as he missed the 'bus to Britain after Dunkirk.

* * *

This does not mean that our task in the Mediterranean will be easy. Far from it. Look at the map. We hold the two gateways, Gibraltar and Suez; but over the whole distance of two thousand miles our only established foothold ashore is the far eastern corner from Alexandria to Syria.

And in the midst of this hostile waste of waters one tiny rock, immortal Malta, a thousand miles from help from the east or help from the west, alone indomitably flies the British flag.

OF ALL THE BLOWS THAT THE TRAITORS OF VICHY DEALT US, NONE WAS SO HEAVY AS THE NAVAL SCUTTLE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. BY ALL RECKONINGS IT OUGHT TO HAVE BROUGHT US DOWN.

That it did not bring us down is the most magnificent triumph in the glorious records of the British Navy.

As Wellington said of Waterloo, "It was a d——d near run thing."

If we had lost, if the Mediterranean had been closed to us from Gibraltar to Suez, what would have been our position to-day in North Africa, in the Middle East, in the Indian Ocean, in the Pacific?

Let us be thankful that Hitler's "intuitional" strategy side-tracked him into the howler of June, 1941.

But the danger is not passed. Thwarted in Russia, hammered from the west by our bombers, incapable of a frontal assault on this country, Hitler's only chance of breaking prison is to repel the Eighth Army and drive southward through the Middle East.

He has lost more than a year of valuable time which we have put to full account—Madagascar, for example, and the launching of two great battleships.

And, fortunately, he is tied down in Russia. He cannot fling all his weight against the Mediterranean now, as he could have done in 1941.

We have plenty of friends ashore, millions of them, but they are helpless; for Hitler holds the governments in the hollow of his hand. Apart from Turkey, there is not a government that is not an open or secret ally of the Axis.

* * *

While all eyes have been fixed in breathless anxiety on the terrific drama in Russia, the omens of the clash in the Mediterranean multiplied.

WHAT WERE THE HOURLY AND COSTLY BOMBARDMENTS OF MALTA BUT AN ATTEMPT AT ALL RISKS TO KEEP THE NARROW WATERS CLEAR FOR THE MUNITIONING OF ROMMEL?

Where have the French submarines that have been spotted passing through the Straits gone to? Dakar? Why has every honest Frenchman been booted out of French West Africa? What is the infamy behind the U-boat activities far down the south coast of Africa?

But the omens are not all on one side. Note the arrival of American troops in Liberia.

Look at the map again and observe how French West Africa, a dreary desert, is

Now Watch the Jungle Germans

ABOUT six weeks ago a middle-sized German with an ominous name arrived at Hitler's H.Q.

His name is Theo Habicht, an under-secretary in the German Foreign Office, and his special job has been the supervision of Nazi agents in the guise of diplomats.

* * *

Habicht had just returned from Vichy-controlled Africa, which the Nazis have been treating publicly very much as if it belonged to them.

He could tell Hitler that his old friend Rieth, another crack Nazi Fifth Columnist, had taken up his position in Spanish-controlled Tangier, on a neutral listening-post, so to speak, from where he could direct activities of his sub-agents more easily.

Rieth, then Nazi Ambassador in Austria, was assisted by Habicht in "pulling off" the murder of Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, in 1934.

But Habicht was more anxious to report his arrangements to rope in the natives for his sinister African plans.

The man entrusted with this job is one of the darkest figures that ever set foot on the Dark Continent—Theo Auer, nominally German Consul-General in Casablanca.

He proved his aptitude when he was set to watch German diplomats abroad.

Auer nowadays carries a big wad of notes in his pocket, which he freely distributes to natives.

* * *

But he also imports arms—ostensibly destined for the German Armistice Commission. They go to natives who promise to fight on Auer's orders.

Where there is the remotest sign of local unrest, of dissatisfaction with something or other, of small separatist or independence movements, Auer turns up and is soon followed by a consignment of all sorts of weapons.

Names of the German agents in Africa matter little. They are engineers, stationmasters or foremen along the Trans-Sahara Railway which Vichy is building under German expert guidance.

Or air mechanics, pilots or employees of the air lines which both Vichy and Spain maintain in Africa.

* * *

They have been smuggled into jobs in ports such as Dakar or housed with natives along the lonely coast of Western Africa. They watch shipping with telescopes, operate powerful transmitters and try to guide Axis submarines and air-sea-raiders towards our convoys.

Work is not easy for all these jungle Germans. From the time of German "colonisation" in Africa they have a bad record with the natives

Even if few of us remember, the natives have not forgotten the acts of cruelty and oppression of German colonial officials, whom not even Hitler and Himmler could outdo in cruelty.

E KEY

enveloped on the south and east by British Colonies and Free French Equatorial Africa, which extends right up to the Libya border behind Rommel's front. In the background is the Belgian Congo.

AND IN ALL THESE LANDS, LINKING UP WITH THE SUDAN AND EGYPT IN THE EAST, MUCH MORE IS AFOOT THAN WE ARE PERMITTED TO KNOW.

Not least encouraging is the fact that, not only do we hold the sea, but that our supremacy in the air over Egypt to Malta is at present decisive, and the toll levied on Rommel's supplies and communications is impressive.

As the battle develops we must expect that supremacy to be challenged with fierce desperation. Hitler can deplete his Russian front of bombers for the winter.

Don't forget Madagascar. It was as valuable a stroke as our seizure of Syria, Irak and Persia.

Even our professional grousers must admit that occasionally our Government is quick off the mark, does the right thing and does it in the right order.

★ ★ ★

We have had too many cautions to permit us to be over-confident about the Battle of the Mediterranean. Of its immense gravity both we and the enemy are aware. Consider what is at stake for each of us.

If Hitler could regain the initiative in Africa and seize the Suez our naval grip on the Mediterranean would vanish, Malta would fall, the Red Sea route of supply would be closed, the whole Middle East position would be seriously imperilled, only the Persian Gulf route would remain.

Hitler would have broken his prison. He would have North Africa at his mercy. His submarines would be out in the Indian Ocean, joining hands with the Japs.

It would not end the war for us; but it would prolong it and make the issue problematical—perhaps secure for Hitler the stalemate which Goebbels now hankers after and which would prelude the final catastrophe of civilisation.

But a decisive defeat of Rommel will make the end of the war certain and bring it very near. It will bang and bolt the door of Hitler's prison. Blocked in Russia and blocked on the shores of the Mediterranean, his fate would be sealed.

His prestige would not survive the double failure. Germany itself would turn and rend the idol that had brought it to ruin.

And the moral effect on the world would send all the quisling rats from Laval downwards racing to their holes.

For us the results of *a decisive victory* will be overwhelming and final.

THE MEDITERRANEAN ROUTE TO THE EAST WOULD BE OPENED FOR ALL OUR SHIPPING. THE MIDDLE EAST FRONT WOULD BE IMPREGNABLE. WE SHOULD BE MASTERS OF NORTH AFRICA, AND VICHY WOULD COLLAPSE BEFORE THE ANGER OF A RESURRECTED FRANCE.

THE STAKES ARE HIGH. THE PLAY ON BOTH SIDES WILL BE BOLD. GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT.

★ Italians and Germans are squabbling in the Balkans over loot and frontier lines. Their quislings, attempting to exploit the situation for their personal gain, are falling out among themselves. Terror organisations are at large and hunger is making the people desperate

Balkan Cauldron is Boiling Up

This is General Kvaternik, one of the men Hitler picked to do his dirty work

TO understand this new eruption of the Balkan volcano, you must see it against the background of the starving people of Greece, the ruins of Belgrade, where 30,000 people were killed in one terror raid, and disease among thousands of homeless, hungry people.

That is the ground which breeds revolt. It has been like that in the Balkans before, and it resulted in a violent explosion.

The Nazis know it—and they fear the hapless, desperate, but determined people of these restless countries.

With the Italians, they chose two ruthless terrorists, Ante Pavlevich and General Kvaternik to hold the Serbs down.

It was these two men who were responsible for organising the murder of Jugoslavia's King Alexander. Hitler installed them as Chief of State and Commander-in-Chief of the new Nazi State of Croatia.

These two men, he thought, would do most of the dirty work for him.

It did not pan out that way! The two scoundrels soon quarrelled, and recently, when a new German General took over, Pavlevich dismissed Kvaternik.

Murderous Quarrels

A purge followed the quarrel, and local terrorists of rivalling political gangs are killing one another off.

Bewildered and uneasy, the population watch these murderous quarrels. All the time they still look to their great peasant-leader Matcheck, whom the Nazis interned because he refused to collaborate.

Now thousands of his followers are up in arms, fighting on a new front against Pavlevich, against the Germans and Italians.

The struggle has gone on for some time now, and patriots have captured towns and villages.

In the last few weeks the revolt has spread rapidly, and it is reported that all Jugoslavia has been placed under martial law.

Within the vast world-wide war, it seems a small affair, but it links up with the strategy of the United Nations.

It stops the Germans and Italians exploiting, for instance, the copper mines of Yugoslavia. It chokes the complicated traffic system along which Hitler hoped to supply Rommel.

Hitler's Greed

And, together with the activity of Mihailovitch's growing Yugoslavian guerilla army, it ties down ever more Axis divisions.

It is clear the Nazis have no intention of allowing the Italians to blunder through these explosive regions. They want them for themselves.

They want Trieste and Fiume, valuable ports which can only serve their needs if their hinterland is secure.

That is why Hitler is ordering Mussolini to hand these territories over to German control. That is why, Italians or no Italians, the Nazis are sending punitive expeditions to wipe out Croatian villages.

A bomb recently exploded in front of Pavlevich's offices. Who threw it? The Germans, the Italians, Croat patriots or friends of the dismissed Kvaternik?

It is impossible to tell. Bombs belong to the political armoury of the Balkans. So many people there use them instead of arguments.

Switch to Greece.

Hundreds of people are dying from starvation in the streets of Athens every week.

But the proud and heroic Greeks cannot be broken by the threat of starvation.

They are still fighting in the hills.

Two Antonescus

A few Greek quislings kow-tow to Nazis and Fascists, but Hitler has not yet decided whether he could allow Greece to remain under Italian administration.

Things are coming to a head in Rumania, too. Few people have noticed the eclipse of Antonescu, who has tried so hard to copy either Hitler or Mussolini or both.

If you read about Antonescu of Rumania now the reports are more likely to refer to Mihai Antonescu, a nephew of the aging Marshal Antonescu, who is only nominal dictator of his country.

The two Antonescus are vying with each other for the favours of the Axis.

But the constant inner-political struggle, the murderous intrigues which accompany them, have left their mark on the Marshal, who is now reported to be gravely ill.

His fate is sealed—whether he dies of natural causes or by the hand of rival relatives.

The Nazis feel they are not dependant on Antonescu, any way.

Oilfield Fires

Hidden somewhere in the country, they have even more unscrupulous Rumanians, leaders of the notorious Iron Guard gangsters, to let them loose on Rumania when it suits their book.

Thus the would-be rulers of a Fascist Rumania are paying a big price for their unstable thrones. They are not safe from friend or foe.

The country groans under the terrific burden which Hitler's war on Russia imposes on his ally.

The farmlands lie waste, while farmers and land workers have been ordered to join up.

Every week fires, lit by saboteurs and Russian bombers, are raging in the Ploesti oil fields.

Casualties among the Rumanian troops are heavy.

Even before the fearful battle of Stalingrad started, Rumanian infantry bore the brunt of the campaign, and were slaughtered in exposed positions.

These casualties have lowered the morale of the Rumanian army. Courts-martial are working overtime, and German officers are trying in vain to impose Nazi discipline on their unwilling "comrades in arms."

Deserters from the army are joining hands with patriots, linking up with revolutionary Bulgarians, whom every form of terror and persuasion has failed to force into war against Russia.

Explosion Coming

As another grim, uncomfortable winter of war with little food and no fuel settles over the Balkans, people everywhere are moving closer to each other.

Individual acts of opposition grow into united action by desperate but determined and surprisingly well-organised groups.

Little islands of resistance are springing up. Here and there they are already linking up with one another.

It is a prospect which neither Hitler nor Mussolini can cherish. While they are fighting each other over control of the Balkans, the Balkan people are preparing to rid themselves of both.

And when they do, as they undoubtedly will, the Balkans will be blazing from end to end.

The explosion will open up for the Allies one of the most vulnerable and strategically valuable regions of Europe.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

SOME VERY SHABBY BLITZ "PAYMENTS"

THOUSANDS of bombed-out families are watching furniture prices with something akin to heartbreak.

They yearn to replace their lost homes when the Government pays them their War Damage compensation *after the war.*

Some, who have been finally notified what their award is to be and asked to sign their willingness to accept settlement, feel that they have had a very raw deal.

And, having looked carefully into some of their cases, I sincerely agree with them.

Despite all the Government promises that they would be given a fair deal, a look at the shops tells many of them how pitifully inadequate that belated compensation will prove.

It was Promised

It was one of our earliest war axioms that damage by the enemy would be distributed as fairly as possible over the whole community.

Then, as recently as a few months ago, the Chancellor of the Exchequer promised every consideration for war damage claimants.

On top of Sir Kingsley Wood's pledge came another from Captain Charles Waterhouse, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade.

He promised the full replacement value of furniture lost by bombing.

But see what has happened. *Many hundreds of cases have been settled on terms that must never be allowed to stand.*

And it's Widespread

Investigation shows that there has been unreasonable cutting down of claims from places as far afield as Plymouth, Southampton, Weston - super - Mare, Ipswich, Exeter, Bath, Bristol, Yarmouth, Norwich, Birmingham, Hull and London.

Typical the case of a sailor's wife who lost her Plymouth home and all the family's clothing except what they were wearing.

She made what disinterested people thought an absolutely fair claim for £400.

The official valuers knocked it down to £190—to be paid after the war.

Near her lived a worker whose house received a direct hit.

He and his wife had built up a wonderful home. The local feeling was that their furniture, clothes and other possessions were worth far more than the £500 claimed.

The offer of £235 for after the war was regarded as a scandalous one—but accepted.

A London woman of eighty-three claimed £85 against the advice of friends who told her that her possessions were worth twice as much. She was overwrought at the time.

If she lives till after the war she will get £45!

A Croydon old-age pensioner's claim was for £131. He tried to be most fair. He will get £54.

A 'bus conductor had his home entirely destroyed, his ten-month-old baby killed.

It was a real show home for a working man. His claim of £600 seemed amply justified.

It was cut down to £295, and such things as the perambulator and sewing machine were dismissed by the assessor as non-essentials.

Genuine Claims

Let me emphasise—these are not cases of people who have "tried it on" and failed.

Impartial, independent investigation has established that these are the carefully worked-out claims of thoroughly honest people.

So was another claim of £446 cut to £240, £280 to £184, £750 to £326, and £313 reduced to £152.

Worst treated of all are the people who lost their all in the earlier raids.

The official heart has softened considerably since. Awards are much higher.

But something more must be done for the people whose worst misfortune is not that they lost their homes, but that they lost them at the wrong time!

For instance, awards up to May, 1941—which concern the period when raids were at their worst—were based on the 1939 value of the furniture.

Pity the man who tries to buy furniture now, or when those after-the-war payments are made, at its 1939 cost.

But, the assessors argued, depreciation had to be allowed for!

And many people were told that they would be given "the sum which might have been realised had the goods been put up to public auction."

Compare auction prices in 1940 with showroom prices to-day!

Then, too, many assessors had in mind the poor, rickety furniture all too common in working homes of forty or fifty years ago.

It was almost impossible to get them to believe that the interiors of many working homes to-day are little palaces, especially as bombs destroy evidence.

This widely held misconception prejudiced the claims of many honest claimants.

The soaring price of furniture brought matters to a head.

The Board of Trade realised that the 1939 valuation was an absurd and chronically unfair basis—that some regard had to be had for the cost of replacement.

So, quite fairly, it instructed assessors to award the shop value at the time of loss, less a reasonable deduction for wear and tear.

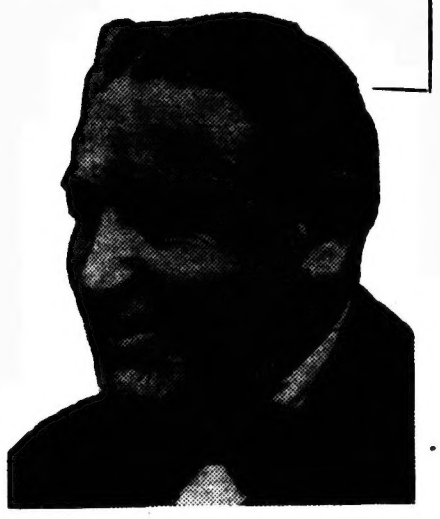
Which would be good, if assessors didn't have such extraordinarily different notions about wear and tear.

And if something were done for those unfortunate early claimants who wonder whether the award for a lost houseful of furniture can ever be made to furnish a single room.

I would give a word of praise to an organisation that has done a lot to get so-called "settled" claims reopened and new and fairer awards made.

It is called the War Emergency Social Legislation Committee; chairman, Mr. William Dobbie, M.P.; honorary secretary, Mr. Henry Aldridge, who has made a special study of this and other war time problems.

But it is for the Government itself to remove old injustices while taking care that its assessors inflict no new ones.



Mr. William Dobbie, M.P., could give Parliament details of some of the worst meanness

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

SHOULD WE HAVE LOTTERIES?

● As so many stunts have been tried to raise funds for war efforts, some people argue that we should now unbend and try State lotteries.

Parliament, I am certain, will never agree.

The Betting Act was taken off the Statute Book not only because of the difficulty in collecting taxes on gambling, but because the Labour Government, knowing the poverty it caused among the workers, objected to State recognition of betting.

At a time when we are insisting on the duties, as well as the rights, of citizenship, it is surely illogical to argue for the raising of war funds by ways that appeal to the lower instincts in the human make-up.

Besides, the Irish Sweeps, the Calcutta Sweeps and all such things have taught us that, in many cases where a large prize has been won, it has been used stupidly. In some cases it has ended in tragedy.

DO WARS BRING BLESSINGS?

● Sir Wilson Jameson, the chief Medical Officer at the Ministry of Health, says that war, "almost overnight," might open the doors to progress and reform that, in other times, would cost years of striving.

Although this is no justification for wholesale and calamitous slaughter, it is certainly true that war, like a catastrophic earthquake or a volcanic disaster, is frequently followed by ameliorative changes.

The Napoleonic Wars, for instance, resulted in the Chartist movement and the great Reform Act.

Even then, it all depends on how the war ends. Supposing, for instance, that we lost it. Should we, in our slavery, argue that it has been beneficial?

The truth is that we must make the best of whatever happens.

IS THE BLACKOUT STILL NECESSARY?

● But for one thing, there might be a really good case for the ending of the black-out and the substitution of a method of blotting out of all lights when there was a warning.

But now we are so short of coal that the black-out is necessary if only to induce a continuance of what it has caused—the general habit of staying indoors at night.

WHY ARE THERE NOT MORE WOMEN M.P.s?

● Women are showing, nowadays, so much interest in public affairs that it seems ludicrous that there are so few women M.P.s.

The chief reason for this is the attitude of women themselves. They, possessing as they do, a majority of the votes, are themselves to blame.

When I have spoken for a woman candidate for Parliament, I have been told that she started off with a handicap of 2,000 votes—those of the women who invariably object to one of their own sex representing them.

I have never heard from men any objection to a female being the candidate.

A WARNING!

WORKERS in a war factory not far from London were recently attracted by an offer of reconditioned Army boots which, of varying sizes, were described as "bargains, and no coupons required."

Two sample pairs were produced by an agent to an official who, seeing that they were obviously good value for the prices quoted, obtained permission for orders to be taken from colleagues anxious to buy.

When the agent departed he had many orders with cash in advance.

But when the boots arrived they were found to be nothing like the samples. Some had been re-soled with compressed brown paper which, after only slight wear, went into ribbons and holes.

Complaints of this kind are inevitable now that Government Departments, through auctions and other means, are selling to all kinds of people surplus supplies of boots and other goods no longer needed for official uses.

Readers have written to me, for example, about small "bargain" dealers who make such offers without coupons and, securing money in advance, often send goods which are really just useless rubbish.

Unless advertisers are known, or can be vouched for by the newspapers in which they advertise, it is unwise to pay money in advance, no matter how attractive the offers may appear on the surface.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. R. Strong, Beauchamp Road, London, S.E.19 has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are welcomed on any matter requiring comment or inquiry. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93/4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

By WILL SCOTT

MARY went up the four worn steps and pressed the brass bell. If she hadn't wanted to laugh she'd have wanted to shudder. The very door in front of her was depressing—the windows, the steps, the brass bell itself.

It was as dreary a house as you would find in a month of Sundays.

The door opened, and there was the hard-faced woman.

"Good afternoon," said Mary.

The hard-faced woman nodded—a hard-faced nod.

"You have furnished rooms to let, I believe," said Mary.

At which the hard-faced woman smiled. It meant an effort, but then it was probably the first smile that had ever crossed her face.

"Of course, you're Miss——Miss——? There! I've known you all this time, and I've never known your name!"

"Symms," said Mary.

"Symms? Fancy! And I've always thought of you as Smith, or something like that. Miss Symms. Won't you come in?"

Mary stepped into the hall and the depressing door closed.

"What sort of a room would you be wanting?" the hard-faced woman asked.

"Well . . ." said Mary.

"I've got several. There's *this*."

The hard-faced woman held open the door to the right of the hall, and Mary went in.

"This" was obviously the hard-faced woman's show-piece; a long room, a high room, a room with the view. It was the view that Mary seized upon at once.

"Yes, it's *very* nice," she said.

"It's never empty long, that I can say," declared the hard-faced woman. "Gets snapped up before you can say knife, this room does."

"It's rather big . . ." Mary said uncertainly.

"I've got one on the first floor," said the woman. "Come upstairs."

They went upstairs and the woman opened another door.

"There's this one," she said.

Mary nodded, looked round, nodded again, looked doubtful.

"It hasn't the view," she said.

"Well, of course, it's at the back of the house," said the hard-faced woman.

"I think backs are so depressing, don't you?" said Mary.

"I've got a similar one at the front, but it's another floor up."

"If I could see . . ."

So up they went and into a similar one at the front.

"There!" said the woman.

"Ye-es . . ." said Mary. "Of course, it is rather a long way up."

"There is that," agreed the hard-faced woman.

"Of course, that first one . . . I'd like to see it again, if it wouldn't be troubling you."

So down they went, one floor, two floors, back into the first room off the hall.

"You can't beat this, of course," said the hard-faced woman.

"No," Mary agreed. "No. It certainly is lovely." And, after a pause: "What would you be wanting for this one?"

"Just the room? No meals? I ask 38s. for this room."

"Oh!"

Mary shook her head.

"I'm afraid . . . Now, that other one upstairs—it had pretty nearly the same view."

"Same view exactly," said the hard-faced woman.

"And for that one?"

"I'm asking 21s. for that."

"I see. Yes . . . If I could have just another peep——"

SO upstairs they went, one floor, two floors, back into the room with exactly the same view.

"Yes . . ." said Mary, propping her cheek on her finger; "21s. Yes, I see. Yes, it's very nice, but I wasn't quite prepared. . . . That second room you showed me?"

"Well, now, I only want 18s. for that," said the hard-faced woman. "But, of course, it hasn't the view, as you noticed."

"No. But . . ."

"You can have another look at it," said the hard-faced woman.

"Thank you," said Mary.

And down they went and had another look at it. And it *hadn't* the view. And, since it hadn't, Mary thought that 18s. was rather a bit too much.

"I've got one I'm asking only 15s. for," said the hard-faced woman, "but it's three floors up."

Up they went, one floor, two floors, three floors, but when she saw it Mary shook her head.

"I don't like *this*," she said. "Of course, 15s. is cheap. I didn't want to give a lot."

They argued. The woman was prepared to come down to £1 for the third room. They went down and looked at it again. Still Mary could not make up her mind.

"Seventeen shillings I'll take for that other," said the woman.

So up they went. And then down. And back to the beginning. And up to the top. And in and out.

The hard-faced woman began to pant. She began to wheeze. She became more hard-faced than ever.

They went down and looked at the room again. Still Mary could not make up her mind

And after an hour of it they were back in the hall, the hard-faced woman pretty well worn out with climbing up and climbing down and opening and closing doors.

"Well," said Mary finally, "I'll let you know. I'll think it over."

And when she went out through the depressing door the depressing door was heartily slammed behind her.

"Seems annoyed," thought Mary.

★

THE next morning Mary was, as usual, behind the counter at Field and Saxby's, the great women's emporium.

"Enjoy your afternoon off?" asked her friend.

"Lovely!" said Mary. "You know that hard-faced woman who comes in here and never knows what she wants—makes us go up and down the ladders getting things off this shelf and that shelf, but one hat's too gay and another's too dowdy, one hat's too dear and another's too cheap, one hat's too ——"

"Sssh!" whispered her friend. "Here she is now."

The hard-faced woman strode up to the counter.

"I've been thinking over yesterday afternoon," she said. "Do you really want a room?"

"Oh, no," said Mary sweetly. "But I've heard so often that the customer's always right that I just wanted to know what it feels like. And it feels pretty nice, I must admit."

"I demand to see the manager!" said the hard-faced woman. "This is your last day here, young woman, you can take it from me!"

"No, really," said Mary. "To-morrow's my last day. I don't go into the A.T.S. till Monday."

The hard face turned into a purple face.

"Making a fool of me, is that it?"

Mary, with an innocent smile, inclined her head slightly. It was almost a deferential bow.

"The customer," she said, "is always right."

And this time it was the door of Field and Saxby's that was heartily slammed.

HUMAN MACHINE

NEVER SAY DIE!

● It has often been stressed here that you never know what you can do till you try.

Well, theory is one thing, practice is often another.

In Queen Mary's Hospital at Roehampton there are cases of such incredible triumphs over what must have seemed at first sight insuperable difficulties, that anyone who feels downhearted in face of ordinary difficulties and troubles should feel heartily ashamed of himself!

There is a major who lost his leg in Libya. When he got back to London he was fitted with an artificial limb.

But that didn't satisfy him. He wanted to go back to the Army, and he went. More, he has taken his "assault course" and passed!

There is a young seaman who was torpedoed and adrift in an open boat for ten days before he was rescued. He was taken to Canada, where both his legs were amputated.

Now, with artificial limbs, he stands all day at a bench in a munition factory. But that isn't all. He rides a motor-cycle. He dances. He has learned to do practically all he did before with his own limbs.

There is another major who lost a leg and was fitted with an artificial limb. He wrote to the hospital authorities and said: "I am, as you know, a 14 st. man, and for a year I haven't walked. Now I can walk, run, ride a horse, and do three or fours hours' work on the land."

As a matter of fact, he is also back in the Army!

SPEAKING OF JOURNEYS

"IS your journey really necessary?" we ask. And when we ask it we are thinking, each of us, in the main, of one man.

Is *your* journey really necessary? YOU. That fellow in the corner there.

We do not think of putting the same question to a hundred million people.

Yet the whole of mankind is travelling, even by staying alive. It is on the move. It is, as they say, going some place.

Mankind has been on a journey since Adam and Eve fried their first rasher.

The journey from cave to palace and the journey from tallow dips to electricity are only two of its ten thousand journeys.

Since it isn't easy to think of ten thousand journeys separately we have lumped the whole lot together and stuck on it a label to cover everything. And the word on the label is PROGRESS.

That saves a lot of thinking out. Call the whole issue PROGRESS, and so long as you are moving you are progressing. Very nice. Very comforting.

But how wrong! It is still a mass of ten thousand journeys.

And sometimes we ought to ask ourselves about some of these jolly little trips: "Is your journey really necessary?"

The comforting notion that all journeys are one and that the label PROGRESS covers all has led people to the crazy idea that wherever you go is better than the place you left, that the new is always an improvement on the old, that to-morrow has yesterday knocked into a cocked hat.

Of course, it's wrong. It's mad. Has every poet since his day been an improvement on Shakespeare?

Is every summer better than the one before? Are children always an improvement on their parents?

* * *

I know there have been many things in the past that have needed wiping out. But was *everything* in the past *always* wrong?

In all these schemes for the Brave New World I'd like to see some plan for retaining the *best* of the Brave Old World. But I never do. To mention anything from the Brave Old World isn't PROGRESS.

None the less, I'd like to think that in the Brave New World I'd be able to go to the pantomime in winter and the Derby in summer. If the planners would humanise it a bit by including such things I'd work for it the harder.

Said the Archbishop of Canterbury the other day: "If the world ended now, would you say we had been better and happier these last few years because people invented aeroplanes than we should have been without? I do not see where the progress comes in."

Quite. Therefore, Mr. Mankind, before you set out on your next trip to wherever it may be, just ask yourself seriously: "Is your journey really necessary?"

A. G.

★ A British woman, coming home along the Atlantic sea-lane of peril, stumbles on a whole saga of heroism hidden behind the casual it's-all-in-the-job outlook of the Merchant Navy which bears the brunt of Hitler's most vicious weapon.

They Always Bob Up with a Grin

THEY called her a passenger-freighter.

High-sounding words! I would describe her as typical of the drab, grey tramps that ply the dangerous waters of the Atlantic in all weathers.

But she was to take me back to England—with luck.

I don't know how many times she had braved that ocean of dense fogs, lashing 40-ft. waves, freezing winds at gale force, and lurking submarines, but I hoped she would do it again.

So much depended on the stout hearts of the men who handled her.

I looked at them as we left the comparative safety of the American coast.

They were just as good-humoured as in those happier days when Atlantic passengers were more concerned about a revelry crossing.

Tougher-looking, if anything. And certainly more unceasingly vigilant.

They had little to say about convoy arrangements.

"Her" normal speed was 15 knots, but in convoy—as she was then—she would drop as the commodore, who was the servant of grim circumstance, demanded.

It has to be something pretty gruelling to stop them smiling—like this seaman after his ship had been torpedoed

They speak to you as if they were doing nothing more exciting than ferry work—particularly if you are a woman.

But when I let them know that as a woman I considered it to be a never-to-be-forgotten experience to be with them—and a privilege at that—they spoke more freely.

There was our Third Radio Officer, slight, fresh-faced, and only nineteen.

Yes, he *had* been torpedoed—on his very last voyage.

Ten-days' Fight

The crash had come in mid-Atlantic.

The Chief Radio Officer had stayed behind to send out S.O.S. signals after the order to abandon ship, and was still in the radio cabin when a second torpedo blew the ship up.

Forty-one had taken to the boats. There were fourteen in young Sparks' lifeboat.

For ten days they fought three successive gales of great fury.

They were lucky to have kept the boat afloat, to have saved themselves from being washed overboard.

Three died from exposure. . . .

Snippety information, I know. But that's how it comes from a modest sailor.

They tied six oars together to keep the boat's head to the swell, but the sea tore them away, and with them another of the boat's company.

They tried to save him, but on a daily diet of a hard biscuit and two mouthfuls of condensed milk they had become too weak.

Some became delirious. Young Sparks, frost-bitten to the thighs.

On the tenth day the mast-head of a British merchantman bobbed over a wave, and they knew they were saved.

Doctors considered for a long time, in an American port, whether they would amputate young Sparks' leg.

They didn't—but during the discussions the others sailed away on a ship to be torpedoed again and lost.

The Second Engineer had survived several sinkings, the *Empress of Britain* among them.

Our voyage ended with his full story untold.

And the Second Steward had crowded more experience into three years of war than Captain Cook ever knew.

At the outbreak of war he was on a ship taking aboard the crew of the lost *Athenia* when a U-boat surfaced among them.

A terrible moment—but a Sunderland flying-boat appeared, and the submarine disappeared.

At Narvik the ship took on board exhausted British, Fighting French and Polish troops throughout demon dive-bombing.

She was under continuous attack all the way back to England—where she was at once ordered back to St. Nazaire to take on more troops.

The crew had a strange diet during twenty-one days of continuous attack from the air and under-water craft.

It consisted of 5 lb. of sugar per head—made up with rain-water!

Back in Britain again, the ship had to sail for Brest with Polish troops ordered to protect the town.

All that little force could be given was coffee and jam. It was wiped out.

Then France fell, and the ship had to take thousands of German prisoners to Canada.

The crew was almost unarmed. Britain herself was not so well armed in those days when invasion might have come at any moment.

"Graf Spee" Prisoner

Then there was the Chief Radio Officer's story.

His cargo ship had been sunk by the pocket-battleship *Graf Spee* 700 miles due east of Rio de Janeiro.

He had already been torpedoed three times—on the last occasion his ship going down very quickly.

He was a prisoner on the *Graf Spee* during her last battle.

The prisoners heard a British shell tear into the bulkhead above, bursting the water-pipes. For four hours they were up to their knees in water, struggling for air.

They did not know whether the ship was floating or sinking. In complete darkness, they didn't even know whether she was the right way up. The smell of burning suggested, at times, that the ship was afire.

After that experience the Chief Radio Officer had been chased by U-boats in the Mediterranean and bombed off Tobruk and Alexandria.

The skipper was a closed oyster about his experiences.

So I had to go to the other end of the scale—the galley-boy.

He had been torpedoed in the St. Lawrence River. He floated for two hours, unconscious, before being picked up by a raft.

Next highest in the scale—a sixteen-year-old cadet—was calling at a Caribbean port when he found himself alongside a bright, clean ship that made his own look like a barge in comparison.

All-women Crew

She was a Russian, manned almost entirely by women!

Twelve hours after the Russian boat set sail the British ship left—to be torpedoed by a U-boat the crew of which mocked and laughed at them as they struggled through shark-infested waters to reach the lifeboats.

For days they sailed almost without water under a tropical sun.

Then, rescued at last, they found that the Russian ship had been torpedoed too—and that nothing was known of the fate of the crew.

I tell the story of one ship.

I feel that it might be the story of *every* ship that sails the High Seas to-day.

May Britain remember these fine fellows when the war is over, if God spares them.

May we never again see the tragedy of a sailor condemned against his will to push a barrow or sell from door-to-door to earn a living.

May the whole wide seas be his—and happiness and comfort and a good living go with it.

EDITH RIDLEY BAKER.

NEW CAMPAIGN

THE public has done splendidly so far in every salvage campaign. Now there is a chance for everyone to extend his or her effort.

Non-ferrous metals are now urgently required. Copper, brass, bronze, zinc, pewter, lead and aluminium are most vital; but there are many others which are also useful.

These include solder, nickel, gunmetal, bell metal or Britannia metal, of the sort used for making cheap spoons, teapots, etc.

While concentrating upon this big new drive householders should not slacken in their efforts to maintain all other salvage collections. Paper and rubber, for example, are still very vital.

And as the campaign widens more Salvage Stewards are badly needed. If you have not yet put your name down for this important spare-time work, do so without further delay. Your local council needs your help.

VOICE

MANY prisoners-of-war work on farms, and all of them seem to like it. There is, for example, great good humour in the letter from Gunner James Bayford, at Stalag 306, to his wife at Gidea Park, Essex:

The farmer for whom I am working has failed to teach me German, so I am teaching him Cockney. It sounds funny to hear him say "Gor-blimey" instead of "Donner und Blitzen" or words to that effect.

Everything is O.K., and I am in very good health. I have nothing to worry about so long as you and the babies are well.

BAD TRANSPORT

From Colombo, Ceylon, Gunner E. Gunner, R.A., writes home to his sister at Moor Lane, Westfield, Woking, to describe how the local transport problem is solved:

The buses are rather peculiar, for if there is no room inside you can climb up on top and sit on the roof. It isn't very comfortable, for there is nothing to hold on to, so a jolt may roll you off. Not that anyone seems to mind!

At night we have a free firework show. The trees are full of fire-flies, and when they fly about it seems as if the trees are full of sparks.

AMERICAN HOSPITALITY

Our airmen serving in Canada and America never fail to be impressed by the hospitality offered them. L.A.C. E. Whitely, R.A.F., who is stationed in Canada, describes a seven days' leave to his aunt at Poplar Grove, Gorton, Manchester:

Frank and I hitch-hiked half the way to New York, and found good friends all the way along.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

NO wonder housewives get angry! We were told that plenty of towels would soon be in the shops. A big manufacturer tells me that his quota of material is now 1½ per cent., which means that he can make three towels for every two hundred pre-war.—R. H., Nottingham.

★ ★ ★

Just discharged from hospital, I am amazed at the cheerfulness, kindliness and hard work of the nurses. Never a grouse from them; they deserve a salute. —R. Blackman, Halling, Kent.

★ ★ ★

Toes of children's shoes usually wear out before the soles. Light metal toe-caps would be a great coupon- and money-saver.—Mrs. A. Chalmers, Irvine, Ayrshire.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Morrison says that we must expect reprisals from the *Luftwaffe*, yet the A.R.P. personnel in most Scottish coast towns is being cut by 40 per cent.—J. M. Crichton, Dundee.

★ ★ ★

Hundreds of bomb-damaged houses in this area still await repair because of War Damage Commission's delays. Builders cannot work for lack of funds owing to Government's slowness in paying accounts for work done.—V. Abbott, Welling, Kent.

★ ★ ★

Too many young married women whose husbands are in the Forces leave their wedding rings at home when they go to dances, etc. This misleads strangers, including male members of the Forces.—C. S., Wakefield.

OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length — and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We met all kinds of people, and none of them were loud-mouthed or boasting as we had half-expected them to be. Not one was "cocky."

Likeable is the word for them all—and the hospitality of the Americans and Canadians is really something to write home about. Let's hope the people in our cities will be as wholeheartedly generous to our strangers in uniform.

Over here there is not a lot of talk about the "welfare" of the troops. They just get down to the job and see to it that no man in uniform is neglected.

TRUST THE NAVY!

A snapshot of life at East Africa from C. J. C. Lockhard, of the Royal Navy, writing to his aunt at Nixon Avenue, Ramsgate:

I sit down to write with tom-toms booming in my ears. Dusky maidens bring me fruit and other food. Now and then the mighty roar of a lion echoes through the jungle, then all is peace again.

Also I have won a shilling bet, and to the strains of "I'm Nobody's Darling" I have just collected my bob.

With such wealth at my command I shall shortly go out to paint the town red.

FROLICS IN AFRICA

R.A.F. men who hired a canoe in West Africa for 1s. 3d. for the half-day had plenty of excitement for their money. A.C.1 G. S. Williamson, R.A.F., tells the story in a letter home to his family at Warwick Street, Southport:

We paid a black boy 1s. 3d. for the hire of a canoe for the afternoon, and paddled out to a wreck about a mile from the shore.

Our canoeing ability was not so good because, on the way back, our craft overturned. What a scramble there was! You know I can't swim very much, but I managed to hang on to the keel while the other two chaps, swimming hard, pushed the canoe back to shore.

We reached land all right with the boat upside-down, but there were two natives waiting for us, and they were dancing mad, by the look of them.

They had a very heated argument with us which was a bit difficult to follow, but, piecing it together, it seemed that the canoe did not belong to the boy who had taken our 1s. 3d., and he had hopped off with the money.

In spite of the indignation meeting of the rightful owners, we refused to pay a second time for the privilege of nearly drowning ourselves!

NOT UP TO STANDARD

In West Africa, L./Bomdr. E. E. Butcher sits down to write to his parents at Lavender Grove, Westcliff-on-Sea, telling of football matches that are not quite up to Cup-tie standard.

This afternoon our mob played football against an R.A.F. team. We lost, but I won't say by how many goals. Certainly we should have taken a billiards-marker with us for scoring purposes.

Our opponents must have been in training for some time, and they had the advantage of playing in football boots, whereas we wore Army boots, which don't make for first-class football. Also we had three natives in our team, and they played in their bare feet!

UNEVENTFUL VOYAGE

Sixteen-year-old Cadet A. M. Walker, of the Hull Nautical School, is now at sea, and, judging by a letter to his mother at Marshall Street, Newland, Hull, he's having a busy time:

When at sea I go on watch, which means two hours at the wheel, one hour standby, and one hour on the look-out. Then I have eight hours off until my next watch.

I have a field day once a week when I scrape off old paint, put on new, and chip off some rust.

In my spare time I can go up on the bridge to learn navigation. Then I practise morse and semaphore to get my hand in.

Nothing much happened on the voyage out, except that I was slightly ill and had some medicine which tasted like a mixture of castor oil, bad eggs and bilge water. It smelt as bad as it sounds, but the doctor said it made a new man of me.

GRAND TRIBUTE

The popularity of JOHN BULL among the men in the Services has never been in doubt, but here is the spontaneous tribute of Sig. W. Clay, Armoured Brigade Signals, M.E.F., in a letter to his sister at Lightcliffe, near Halifax, Yorks:

Thanks for the bundle of papers. It was great to see JOHN BULL again. All my pals send their thanks, also. When I opened the bundle there was a smash-and-grab raid for the copies of JOHN BULL.

I don't know how many men will read them, but by the end of the week they had been well-thumbed.

Often in the evening we have a long chat and debate about some of the items in the paper.

Thanks again, and keep well and happy until I come home to brighten your lives.

WONDERFUL SPECTACLE

Away in Iceland, L.A.C. C. Shaw, R.A.F., is seeing new things, and writes home to his wife at West Park Road, Bradford:

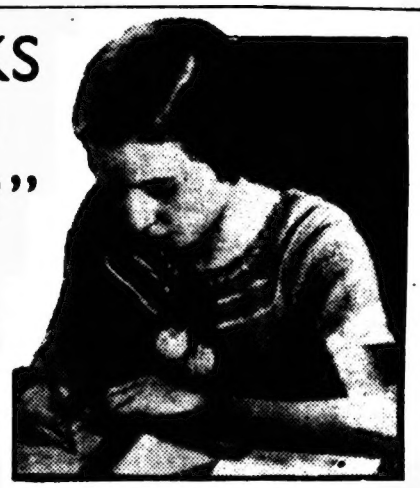
Among other things, there are lava storms. Last week we saw one sweep by in the distance, and we were glad it went that way. The previous one caught us, and we knew all about it

We also get the Northern Lights, a wonderful spectacle, but we don't make such a fuss about them as when we saw them in Bradford.

On Saturday night I was in the N.A.A.F.I. canteen and listened to the B.B.C. home programme. It was a treat, almost like being home again.

A MOTHER ASKS "HOW CAN I BE EDUCATED?"

By HUMANIST



"When my children ask me about their homework it makes me realise how ignorant I am"

MANY parents write every week about problems connected with their children. Some of them must occur in hundreds of homes.

"Now I have really started to write to you," *says one mother,* "I hardly know how to express myself, being ill-educated.

"My two young daughters are doing homework for school, and it has made me realise how ignorant I am. When they ask questions I cannot answer I feel just awful!

"I have tried to teach them myself, but I cannot understand half of what I read about. Could you possibly tell me what to do so that I can learn a bit?

"My memory is dreadful, too, and I sometimes wonder whether I shall lose it altogether. My daughters are both very intelligent, but I am very dull. Please help me with your advice."

In the first place, parents ought not to assist children in doing homework, partly because it defeats the whole purpose of homework in making children rely upon themselves and partly because school work today is so different from what it was twenty-five years ago.

★ *Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).*

If children are taught to "do sums" in two different methods they become hopelessly confused.

What parents can do is to make opportunities for children to do their homework in silence and without interruption. I suggest one quiet hour before father comes home from work.

But although the mother should not help her daughters with their lessons, she certainly ought to do something to improve her own education for her own sake. There are many things she can do without resorting to school books.

She should listen to the school broadcasts in the afternoons, for example. They are intensely interesting and informative. Thousands of adults listen to them every day.

There are also talks and discussions in the evening programmes which set people thinking and enlarge not only the range of knowledge, but also the vocabulary. One could get quite a good education for ten shillings a year.

Then there are plenty of cheap books about matters of public interest. It is not enough to glance through them: they deserve to be read and thought over at odd moments when one is doing a mechanical task like darning or knitting.

There are evening classes, reading circles, discussion groups, debating societies, extension lectures, and much else.

NEXT letter comes from a father: **"My two girls have won scholarships and are now in secondary schools, where they show very great promise," *he writes.* "The elder, who is sixteen, has been top of her form ever since she entered the school, and the headmistress wants her to become a teacher.**

"But my wife wants the girl to leave school now, and the younger girl, who is nearly fourteen, to leave at Christmas.

"She argues that before they can become teachers they will be called up for the Services, and the money we are spending on their education will be wasted.

"'Why not let them go to work now,' she says, 'and the money they earn can be put aside for the rainy day.'"

I don't think that the younger girl would be allowed to leave school now. When she won her scholarship the parents would agree to keep her at school till she was sixteen.

The girl has unusual ability, and if she is happy at school she should not be taken away.

Then it should be clearly understood that in the Services girls do not lose touch with education. Army education is going ahead at a great rate nowadays, and much of it is excellent.

ANOTHER mother writes to ask my opinion about punishing children. Apparently she and her husband do not see eye to eye on the subject.

"I feel that my two-year-old deserves a smack now and again," *she writes.* "and when I have administered what I consider to be a well-earned smack we have invariably had words in front of the child.

"The boy knows that his father is against smacking, and he therefore kicks up much more fuss than he normally would do.

"I don't believe in constantly hitting a child for every offence, but I do hold that at times, when persuasion fails, it is the only way to make him see sense.

"I don't want to have these frequent quarrels with my husband, and I don't want the boy to be spoilt. I should welcome your advice."

The greatest mistake of all is to quarrel about the subject within the child's hearing. Disagreements should be settled *in camera.*

Psychologists say that punishment is wrong.

Dr. Blatz—the great authority on child management—says that the best treatment for a naughty child is to ignore him. Treat him as if he doesn't exist, and he will soon alter his tactics.

LIFE BREAKS THOSE WHO HOARD

THE Golden Bowl of Happiness lies shattered beside the feet of those who try to hoard the things that God meant for His children's sharing. Life breaks the Bowl wherein such things are stored.

THE Golden String upon Life's Harp hangs broken across the wrists of those who try to wring music from Life's sweet Harp in secret solace. Life breaks the Cord of those who unshared sing.

THE Shining Lamp of Hope is blown to darkness within the selfish hands that try to shield its light to give themselves a privileged safety. Life breaks the Lamp upon Time's Lone Dark Field.

FOR Life spurns those who thwart her vast proportions and dwindle her great gifts for selfish gains. Life only pours her Fruits into the Orchards of Giving Hearts watered by Kindly Rains.

AND so the darkened Lamp, the broken Harp Strings, the fruitless Orchards and the shattered Bowl defeat the hearts that try to hoard them. Life breaks those who run counter to her Goal. J. M.

That *chocolaty* taste

It's good to see the youngsters getting their Cadbury chocolate ration — small as many no doubt think it. Here's a useful hint to mothers. When the chocolate ration is finished, the children can get that chocolaty flavour they like so much as a *drink* — in Bournville Cocoa. A very warming, beneficial drink too and, like solid chocolate, a food. After all, chocolate and cocoa come from the same bean.

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

(You save on ½ lbs)

Canterbury lamb may be tender, but the men who hail from the ranches of the Dominion are tough—mighty tough! Small wonder that they have formed the spearhead of our attack in many theatres of war; for New Zealand is the home of men of courage and determination, splendid physique, fine features, and —good teeth, thanks to KOLYNOS, of course!

IMPORTANT.—USED TUBES WANTED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN TO CHEMIST

BEM 79-861-65 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

LAST LAUGH

G. G. (Glasgow).—"There is only one way to deal with the new explosive type of incendiary bomb. Courageously approach it and ignore all danger." See letter below.

Mrs. G. (Glasgow).—"When I accidentally dropped some wax-grease from a burning taper on to my husband's hand he fairly roared with fright." See letter above

S. F. (Ashburton).—"To-day I was richly rewarded for the expenditure during recent months of much time, money and labour." Your hen laid an egg?

R. M. (Bilston).—"When my wife tells me to do something I now put both feet down hard." You've bought a tandem, and she tells you to step on it?

S. B. (Ely).—"Recently I showed my young nephew a photo of myself, and one I took of a hippo at the Zoo. He said only one word as he looked at them." "Snap!"?

Mrss M. (South Coast).—"I was singing at a troop concert when an air raid began, and the men showed their toughness by stopping to hear me through." Well, you said it!

G. B. C. (Frome).—"Page-boys at big London hotels are not allowed to put their hands in their pockets." Guests, however, are positively encouraged to do this.

F. K. (Highgate).—"London 'bus tickets are now thinner." This, coupled with Lord Woolton's attacks on national embonpoint, means there is more room for willowy straphangers.

HOME GUARD GUNNER (East Coast).—"It was explained to us what was meant by the axis of the bore." The Fuehrer, of course, is the bore of the axis.

D. N. (Norwich).—"If a bomb dropped on Mussolini it would shake Italy." It would also be a severe blow to our cartoonists.

MRS. E. (Brighton).—"I have decided not to have a new costume for the autumn." See letter below.

L. E. (Brighton).—"I find that I have no clothing coupons left." See letter above

G. R. (Carlisle).—"Nothing can beat the old-fashioned log fire." There's no fuel like an old fuel.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"Well, yer see, this is a sorta tough place to get at by road, so they dropped it here for us by parachute."

Side-Slips

NORTH-WESTERN EVENING MAIL.—"A murderer who has served four years of a life sentence in a State prison has been married in New York, standing at the bedside of his LYING bride."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE.—"... and stories of super gases so powerful that one drop placed in the eye of a DOG will kill a HORSE."

EVENING EXPRESS. — "Labour Party SHIRT list includes. . ."

DAILY EXPRESS.—"... But they only spotted him once, when he was taking a SLIM in a river."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Mainly due to worry and undernourishment occasioned by the war, Gladys Berridge is suffering from a severe nervous breakdown, being unable to work for the past two years.

Since the beginning of the war, her husband has been in the Army; one brother, serving in the Middle East, has been missing since November; while her other brother broke down on heavy war work and is now bedridden with tuberculosis.

Owing to her long illness, Mrs. Berridge has been compelled to sell her home piece by piece, and is now living in a furnished room.

She should have treatment in hospital, but will have to wait a long while for a vacant bed. Meanwhile, the doctor orders her milk, cod-liver oil and malt, Bemax and glucose, but with rent 22s. out of an Army allowance of 32s. it is impossible for her to buy these things.

A further worry is arrears for insurance.

When Mrs. Berridge regains her health she hopes to work again as 'bus conductress.

A little financial aid now would do much to help this woman conquer her undeserved misfortunes. Donations earmarked "Conductress," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. We are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

FIRST PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,345
Miss B. Whipp, 6, Trever Road, Newport, I.O.W., for this "Bullet": TOMMY ATKINS A "BANKRUPT" EVERYBODY "TRUSTS."

£10: G. G. Robinson, Nettleton Road, Caistor, Lincoln.
Ready For The Next—"Course"—We've Had "Soup"!

£10: W. Ball, 204, Ribbleton Lane, Preston.
Don't Forget—"Roaring Fire" Impedes "Lion."

£5: W. Bobbett, c/o Bobbett's Garages, The Quay, Teignmouth.
Now Isn't The Foreman—Flip-cooling Waking Everybody Up!

£4: Pte. K. Jenkins, 7, Penlan Road, Skewen, Glam.
What's Ahead—Defeat, Possibly—Defeat Possibility!

£3: G. E. Peacock, Northolme, Wainfleet, Skegness.
Shock For The H.F.—Caught The Speaker's Sigh!

£2: W. E. Pickard, 163, Upperton Road, Leicester.
On The Leader Front—"Lines Cut"—"Forces" Sustained.

XMAS IS COMING! SEE PAGE OPPOSITE

20s.: F. Denton, 12, Arthur St., Ryhope, Sunderland
In A Quiet Corner—Britain, From Russian "Angle."

20s.: W. J. Bishop, 8, Heath Lane, West Bromwich.
Light Of Liberty—Or Louis And Liberties?

20s.: G. E. Peacock, Northolme, Wainfleet, Skegness.
Our Counsel—"Raised" Town Before Bitts!

20s.: M. W. Beale, 12, Newhall St., Birmingham.
In A Quiet Corner—Sonny, Practising Commando "Expressions"!

20s.: Miss J. C. Ingham, 6, Whalley Rd., Padiham, Burnley.
Ready For The Salvage—Man, Bones—And Pile!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

9 BIG CHEQUES
WON IN XWORD 297

WINNING WORDS: 1. Match. 2. Aided. 3. Corbie. 4. Bombed. 5. Tank. 6. Jib. 7. Calving. 8. Wakes. 9. Razor. 10. Fenged. 11. Roller. 12. Rear. 13. Hog. 14. Cheque.

£100 SHARERS: A. Andrews, Woodleigh, Weston, Ross-on-Wye; C. S. Brookes, 46, Marle Hill Pde., Cheltenham; Mrs. Dagg, 84, Stubbs Gate, Newcastle, Staffs; Pte. S. Hinkins, Somewhere-in-Britain; J. Kennedy, 48, Tuckton Rd., Bournemouth; Mrs. M. Kingston, 20, Shelley Gdns., N. Wembley; Mrs. G. W. Lawton, Saville Rd., Skelmanthorpe; E. Maplesden, 16, Woodside Pk., S.E.25; W. Yeend, Millfield, Tewkesbury Rd., Cheltenham.

Awards value £25 shared between 20 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

FOOD FACTS

M.F.

FOOD FRONT NEWS

More dried eggs

Household Milk back again

New kinds of fish

DRIED EGGS

The second share out of dried eggs began on October 18th. It will take a week or two before supplies reach all the shops. There will be ONE tin or package (12 eggs for 1/9) for every holder of a general ration book — TWO for a child holding the green ration book (R.B.2). Unless you are a poultry keeper you must go to the shop where you are registered for shell eggs. Poultry keepers can buy from *any* shop. Everyone must produce the present ration book.

HOUSEHOLD MILK IS BACK AGAIN

You will be able to buy the new issue of National Household Milk from the shop where you are registered for sugar. The first share out began on October 18th — one tin per ration book. Supplies should reach all shops within a week or two. The second distribution will begin on December 13th and so on at eight-week intervals. Each tin makes 4 pints. Remember the golden rule of mixing — add the powder slowly to the water, whisking as you go.

FISH SUPPLIES

Now that the big fish transport-saving scheme has started new kinds of fish may appear in your fishmongers. This is because fish which used to go to distant markets is now being sold nearer its home port. Remember that it's all first-class fish and that one round white fish cooks very like another. That's true too of the flat kinds. So turn up those recipes!

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 120

Join up to cut fuel waste!

One oven will cook two dinners if they are put in together. Hot water for one full bath will give baths for three if the water is not drawn more than 5 inches deep. And every fuel unit saved is a major contribution to the War.

What do I do...?

I remember that every ton of coal, unit of gas or electricity, or gallon of paraffin used needlessly means less for the war factories. So wherever light, heat, water and power are concerned, I—

Switch it off
Turn it out
Cut it down
Do without

unless its use is *really* necessary.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

£125 1 WEEK X-WORD

1st PRIZE £100 RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 297, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and post coupon to address at foot.

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 301

	CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.						3d	3d	3d
1	EFFECT OF SLUM LIFE IS SOMETIMES TO	D	E	P	R		V E			
2	THERE'S A TENDENCY FOR OLD PROFESSORS TO BECOME RATHER		F	U	S		Y			
3	TEA IS OFTEN DRUNK IN ONE	F	L	A	S					
4	IS COMMONLY PERSUADED TO LIE DOWN ONLY WITH DIFFICULTY				H		I R			
5	NOT ONE MAY EASILY TEMPT A MAN TO OVER-EXERT HIMSELF	C	L	I	M					
6	IT'S PRETTY EXPENSIVE TO DO, THESE DAYS			F	L		T			
7	POWERFUL, SLIPPERY OPPONENT IS DIFFICULT TO	G	R	A	S					
8	REPETITION MAY TAKE THIS FORM	D	I	T	T					
9	A MAN CAN BE BOWLED OVER BY SUDDEN ATTACK OF			G	O		T			
10	WHAT SLEEPERS GENERALLY HAVE OVER THEM	L	I	N	E					
11	MOST CRIMINALS MUST FIND THEIR CELL THIS				B		R E			
12	UNEXPECTED GLOW IN THIS IS LIKELY TO MAKE A MAN GASP	C	H	E	S					
13	TUNE OF ORCHESTRA SHOULD BE LOUD		F	O	R		E			
14	CHAIRMAN'S TO BLAME IF SPEAKER IS TIRED BY HECKLERS' QUESTIONS	F	L	O	O		E D			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Nov. 21.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, NOV. 9

Signed .....

Address .....

301.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

XMAS XTRA

EXTRA PRIZE ARRIVING XMAS DAY FOR ALL CASH WINNERS IN THIS WEEK'S 'BULLETS & X WORDS'

RULES 1.—First Prize in **Bullets** will be awarded for best **Bullet** received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. **Xwords** First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one **Xword** Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete **Xword** in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in **Bullets** and **Xwords** shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two **Bullets** or 6d. per two **Xword** columns used. Two **Xword** columns FREE with each six paid. Two **Bullets** FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crom /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated November 28, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for BULLETS

PRIZES VALUE OVER

FIRST PRIZE £50 FOR 23 or 4 WORDS

OTHER AWARDS £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Nov. 20.

IN HITLER'S FORTRESS
ROARING LION
A BIT DANGEROUS
TO STOP THE RACKET
HE'S A NAZI, SO
DAZZLING ARRAY
NO NEARER
IN OUR HOMES
READY FOR CHRISTMAS
THE SNAG
ON THE WAY TO WORK

BULLETS 1,345 RESULT appears on page 14

JUST A REMINDER
ROUND THE FIRE
MADNESS
ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE, SO
PITIFUL SIGHT
BABY'S A PROBLEM, BUT
SHOWS SHE'S A LADY
UNFORTUNATELY
SAID DILLY TO DALLY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WRECKED THE.....
NOT QUITE.....
TO SWELL THE.....
THING WE.....
ON THE BRINK OF.....
UTILITY.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 2 Bulletin, dated November 21.

P.O. No. .....

Closing Postmark Monday, Nov. 9. 1,349

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,349—or Xword No. 301, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

BEST remember BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

For Cakes
Pastry, Puddings & Pies

The Best in the World

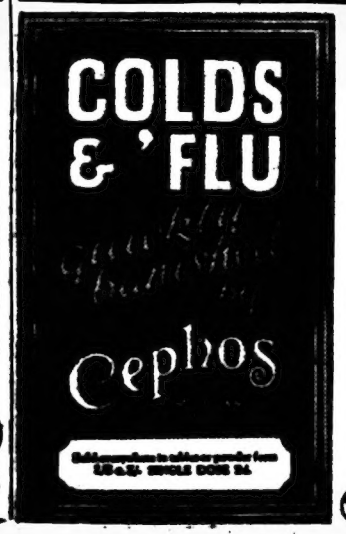
Read This If You Love Your Child

Many mothers actually risk their children's health without realising it—by giving them harsh laxatives to take.

What you should do instead, is give the marvellous "natural" laxative 'California Syrup of Figs.' Child specialists advise it whenever children are out of sorts.

For 'California Syrup of Figs' is a delicious laxative, so natural, yet so certain. Children love it. And what it does is beyond belief. That pale, sickly look vanishes. Energy and life return and your child is well and rosy cheeked again.

Insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere. Get some to-day.



SKIN AILMENTS

Science shatters old ideas of treatment

At last Science has triumphed over common skin infections—spots, rashes, sores, itch, impetigo. Discovered a new antiseptic balm; white, non-greasy, pleasant to use. *Yet ten times more effective in killing germs than carbolic ointment.* It is 'emulsified.' That is why the antiseptic gets right down to the root of infection. Heals—makes skin clear and healthy in a few days. Prescribed by leading Skin Specialists. At Boots and good Chemists 2/- or send postal order 2/- for full size jar: Dae Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept.56N), 25/27 Berners St., London, W.1.

VALDERMA

ANTISEPTIC BALM

The Spirit of Raleigh

In their ceaseless enterprise and braveries in bringing Britain's food from overseas the men of the Mercantile Marine are running true to Raleigh's great tradition.

With equal vigour and vitality does the spirit of Raleigh abound in every corner of the Empire, among worker and warrior alike.

The makers of the Raleigh Cycle share that mighty inspiration . . . with what result all Raleigh riders know.

The demand for Raleigh Cycles is greater than the supply; so please be patient if asked to wait your turn.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD., LENTON NOTTINGHAM

RN 59A

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast*.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains **17 times more Vitamin B_1 than ½-lb. Beef Steak**—and you get **extra nourishment from all your food.**

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

Of all Chemists . . . . . 1/5, 3/4½ (including Purchase Tax) Tablets

Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST . . . the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips
TONIC YEAST
is *LIFE ITSELF!*

UTILITY

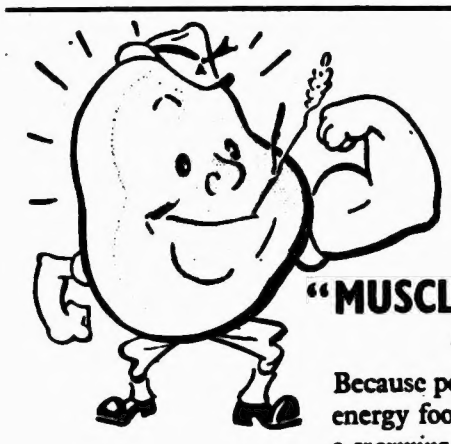
The boy James Watt.

THE order of the day is austerity. Great industries—the Co-operative Wholesale Society among them—are reshaping their activities to conform with conditions which make imperative the utmost economy in man-power and woman-power.

None the less, the Co-operative Wholesale Society will continue to guard its reputation for high quality productions, and the garments for men's and women's wear, manufactured by the C.W.S. under Utility Mark CC41, can be bought and worn with every confidence. "Utility" in these garments exists in happy association with the artistry and craftsmanship for which they are noted. They are available, of course, ONLY at co-operative societies.

ISSUED BY THE
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LIMITED.

GN 1531 P



"MUSCLE IN ON ME"

says Potato Pete

Because potatoes are a splendid energy food, which means also a *warming* food, doctors advise 1 lb. for everyone every day. And remember potatoes are ship-savers No. 1 because they save bread. There's no end to the delicious ways in which potatoes can be cooked. Have you thought of serving hot potato pasties?—just the dish for a cold evening. Or potato cutlets for breakfast on a dark morning? The recipe is given on the left.

POTATO CUTLETS

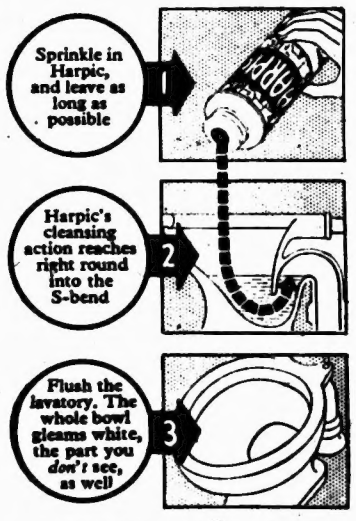
They give you energy to start the day and they are easy to prepare the evening before. Scrub 1¼ lb. of potatoes and scrape ½ lb. carrots. Boil in the same saucepan till tender. (The carrots will take a little longer, so put them in 5 minutes before the potatoes.) Drain and peel the potatoes. Thoroughly mash potatoes and carrots, and mix well together. Season with salt and pepper, then shape into cutlets. Next morning fry on both sides until brown in a very little hot fat. *Enough for 4.*

FREE—ask at any of the Food Advice Centres or Bureaux for a free copy of the Potato Pete Recipe Booklet, or write direc... Minis... L...

POTATOES KEEP YOU *FIGHTING* FIT

P.4

HARPIC
cleans the lavatory easily


Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
1
Harpic
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
2
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you don't see, as well
3

Crowded homes — less time for housework — now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan.

LOOK FOR ME, LADY!
Then you'll know you've got Fairy Soap, the famous green household soap for scrubbing and cleaning. It's kindest to your hands, too!
HERE I AM! THEY CALL ME THE FAIRY BABY
5½d. for two tablets, two coupons per tablet. Half tablet, one coupon
FAIRY SOAP

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